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A DAY'S LIFE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

A tremulous shudder invaded the air
As the stars paler grew at the dawning,
Whilst solemnly waited the far-away hills
For the birth of a new summer morning;
Their faithful old arms were patiently held,
For the motherless Day-Night was leaving,
The murmuring ocean its cradle had set,
And the air-mist its garment was wearing.

The sky's starry watchmen trooped softly away,
Whilst the dead Night was painless forever,
And the hills kissed the babe as it lay in their arms,
Wrapped about in the mist of the river.
At the door of the forest white flowers were hung,
White caps on the waves told the story,
As tho' solemn Ocean in festival garb
Would cover his locks dull and hoary;
Fair Flora her chalice all dewy upheld
At the chrism, and gave it her blessing,
And the birds warbled welcome so merry and clear,
Their faithful allegiance confessing.

So the Day stronger grew—went wandering wide—
Peered in through the forest aisles tender,
Till faint-hearted blossoms went down out of sight,
Unaccustomed to Day's golden splendor.
He flung in his glory wherever he trod,
Set his seal over window and portal,
And bid his attendants, the Hours, by the way,
Leave gifts with each earthly immortal.
There were radiant crowns, shining jewels as well,
But each crown had a thorn somewhere fretting,
And the daintiest jewel the Day could bestow
Had a flaw or a fault in the setting.
There were crosses hung over poor pilgrims awhile,
Underneath looming dark to their vision,
While the heavenward side, which pilgrims saw not,
Burned brightly with glory Elysian.

Far over the meadow and mountain and sea
At noon went the wide proclamation,
That sickle and hammer should rest them an hour
For the honor of Day's coronation.

Again he went shining, his face to the West;
Again would he fain leave no sorrow,
No heart that should bid him in haste to begone
And give place to the hopeful to-morrow.
But tears were still tears, tho' they glittered so bright,
On clouds still the rainbow was painted,
And the turf was uprooted to cover the forms
Of the earth-loved, and early translated.
Tired Day lower drooped as he longed for his rest,
Till he crept to the hills western lying,
And crimson-tipped shadows in livery stood
Obsequious, while he was dying.
Pale Twilight drew nigh, held his head on her breast,
Till he fainted and vanished forever,
And the shroud laid about him, unstirred by a breath
Or a sound, save the sigh of the river.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

Nothing strikes all value out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow. It works alike in all, but the deepest natures are the most affected by it. A single blow descends, and the world is changed, and rises before the eye as another creation. Yesterday the soul surveyed its garden, to-morrow it will see only a wilderness.

Sorrows work upon the soul as late rains do upon vegetation. All night a cold rain falls, and in the morning the leaves are gone. The coverts are no longer shady, trees hold up bare branches, and the air with every puff of wind is filled with leaves, languidly descending to the ground. After the first shock and excitement of grief, which sometimes carries the soul high up toward serene experiences, comes the reaction. The nerve of pleasure is paralyzed. All objects report themselves to the senses in sombre colors. Values are changed or destroyed. Life is empty and effort useless. In thoughtful natures next arise anxious questionings. The breaking up of the heart seems, for a time, to overturn the conclusions of the reason itself. Men doubt their most settled beliefs, and bold skepticisms invade the secret calm of Faith. While the nobler sentiments are silent and torpid, there spring up in their place sudden repulsions and capricious disgusts.

The valley and shadow of Death is not dreadful to those who pass *through* it, but to those who follow after but may *not* pass through!

Dr. Buell, whose simplicity was childlike, felt himself strangely tempted. Such terrible thoughts never before assaulted him. For a refuge he sought his study, that there in pious meditations and devotions he might combat the adversary.

But, after a little, he fled out of it as from a furnace. Such horrible doubts assailed him—such wicked feelings coursed through his heart, that he almost believed himself given over of God. His very struggles increased his difficulty. They heightened the excitement, and carried him further from rest and nearer to a morbid condition. His discourses on the first Sunday after the burial of his wife were even more impressive than usual, and his flock admired the faith which lifted him above such sorrow. On the second Sunday a marked change was visible. His sermon, like his own soul, was irregular and unbalanced. The quick eye of Dr. Wentworth discerned the minister's condition. Now it was that friendship could make itself felt. He affected to have much need of the minister. He carried him to-day in one direction to counsel a dying person, to-morrow he consulted him respecting some orphan children. It was necessary, too, it seemed, that he should go with Dr. Wentworth to a school district lying remote from the village. During these rides, which were every day varied, he gently drew from the minister an account of his experiences, and prescribed so skillfully for both his moral and his physical need that months of suffering, and perhaps the usefulness of his life, were saved.

"Nothing exhausts vitality faster than the exertion of the will," said Dr. Wentworth. "Already the tone of your nerves is lost. You are still further reducing yourself by attempting to restrain and combat irregular and morbid action by simple will-power. The disease and the remedy are both of them exhausting you. Let yourself alone. Avoid solitude. Turn to the help of others. Take on business which will occupy without tasking your mind. Nothing is half so medicinal for our troubles as benevolent sympathy and occupation in the troubles of others. This is the true moral recreation."

"But is it right, doctor, that one should seek relief from trouble sent of God except by going to the hand that has afflicted?"

"He seeks God who accepts His laws," said the doctor. "The best preparation for personal communion is a devout fulfillment of the duties owed to God through natural laws. He who asks God's help should at least show respect to his laws, and not make prayer merely a petition for the suspension of the penalties of the violated laws of mind."

Dr. Wentworth's efforts availed so far as to rescue the minister from the danger of breaking down in health. Little by little his spirits rose. Yet life seemed changed and emptied. He turned all his powers into his ministerial work. A new fervor filled his preaching. His appeals became more tender and solemn. It was noticed that gradually the audience was filling up. Men listened with more earnestness. Week after week the community were moving together in one direction, under the influence of the profoundest sentiments which can inspire the human soul.

Judge Bacon was sitting in Dr. Wentworth's library, one Sunday evening, and seemed unusually talkative. Yet, there was an emphasis and point not ordinarily observed in his half-negligent and polished manner.

"The parson has a grand *battue* on hand."

"Ah? I don't understand."

"Why, he has for several weeks past been sweeping around the people with his grand doctrines; and now the circle is formed, and he is driving in toward the centre. Oh, you'll see rare slaying before long."

Dr. Wentworth made no answer, but sat as one who is meditating.

"You can see," said Judge Bacon, "every Sunday he advances a step. I've seen this thing before. I know how it will end. By and by there will come a break-down; then, like frightened sheep, a crowd will make a rush toward the church-doors, pell-mell. After a while, a count will be made, and the results published. The upshot of it will be that, while before, one hundred selfish, bustling, disagreeable people lived outside of the church, afterwards they will live inside of the church—that's all."

Still Dr. Wentworth made no reply. At length Judge Bacon said abruptly:

"Doctor, do you believe in Revivals?"

"Certainly."

"You surprise me! I had supposed that you were too firm and intelligent a believer in Natural Law."

"It is on that ground that I believe in Revivals. In every department of life men are moved in masses, and as it were with social contagions. Few men in anything act alone. They kindle themselves in the simplest employments by social contact. Social enthusiasms have characterized the progress of the race in every department of society."

"Because societies have been rude," said Judge Bacon, "and men have been animal in nature, and it is no wonder that their animal feelings should be excited."

"On the contrary," replied the doctor, "animals are not subject to social enthusiasms, or only in the most rudimentary manner. Men are susceptible of such excitement in proportion as they recede from animal conditions. In art, in amusements, in social improvement, in patriotism, men [illegible] to act in masses, to be kindled by each other to enthusiasm, and such conditions develop, not obstruct, the active powers. This social excitement is favorable to taste, affection, judgment and reason. I do not know why moral emotions should be exempt from this same law."

"But you can plainly see that these things are got up. I can give you a prescription for a revival."

"Why not?" replied Dr. Wentworth. "Is not education 'got up?' Is not art culture 'got up?' Is not your own profession, and mine, 'got up?' Why should men be afraid to speak of moral states as the result of deliberate and intentional effort? Why should not men apply the term education to moral faculties as well as to others? and study for moral results as they do for social or æsthetic? Are not the moral sentiments subject to laws as much as any other parts of the mind?"

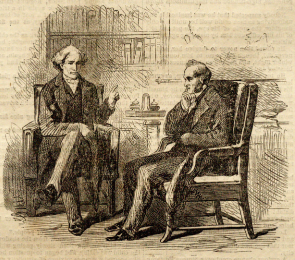
"Yes—but church people imagine that revivals descend upon them from above; that they are mysterious and divine; that the less human agency is concerned in them the purer they will be."

"It is only another instance," said the doctor, "in which a fact is recognized before the theory of its causation is understood. I do not the less believe that a divine influence is experienced because it pursues the channels of established law. Men account for phenomena by natural laws, as far as their knowledge goes, and then they ascribe whatever is left over, beyond their knowledge of causation, to superior beings. The higher ranges of human experience are the most complex and subtle, and seem mysterious because the lines of causation are finer and more spiritual. But the profoundest mysteries of human experience will one day be found to furnish the most admirable illustrations of the universality and constancy of natural laws."

"I don't see, doctor, but you are as bad as the rest of them. I shall have to be a philosopher without company. It will never do for us to submit to this influence. An enthusiasm, in my mind, would mix up things worse than a wind in my study would dishevel my papers. I shall stand aloof and see others act."

The doctor continued:

"All nations, pretending to moral life, have been subject to these outbursts of feeling. It is all very well to declare that a gradual and constant progress in goodness would be better. Such is not the law of development. Nations advance by paroxysms. The race has gone up not by steady improvement, but by leaps, with long rests between. At a later period, when society has reached a higher plane than at present, progress may become even, uniform and constant. At present that seems impossible. And we are to regard these moral freshets as admirable, relatively to the wants of the whole community."



["DOCTOR, DO YOU BELIEVE IN REVIVALS?"]

Here the discussion ended, for that time.

We have little idea of the power of truths till we see their action, without obstruction, upon a whole community that is aroused to a sensitive and sympathetic condition. Truths ordinary run through societies as gold does in rocks—a thin vein shut in by wide measures of stone. When enough men hold a truth in common to give to that truth a social influence, its range and power become greatly increased; but no one knows the very royalty of a truth until the whole community are aroused, made sensitive and sympathetic, and give to truth the force of glowing enthusiasm. Not only is the power of a truth thus disclosed, but a community is knit together and enriched by being made subject to some one worthy impulse all together, by consciously holding some great truth with a common enthusiasm. And if the truth is a profound moral truth, and the enthusiasm a moral enthusiasm, no man can measure the cleansing, inspiring, and strengthening influence arising from such a unity and intensity of experience as it produces.

The indirect effects of those moral experiences called revivals, in vivifying the moral sense, elevating the sentiments, and giving to daily life a larger moral element—in bringing over secular things the shadow of the Infinite, are so important that they should be accounted great benefits, quite independently of the special personal reformations which they work.

This religious movement, which was itself remotely connected with Dr. Buell's bereavement, was one of the occurrences which we alluded to in the last chapter as having an important influence upon Barton's life. It brought to a head a long train of moral symptoms.

With his mental organization, and with the domestic influences which had from his childhood been acting upon him, Barton Cathcart could hardly fail to be of a religious turn. But in New England, pre-eminently, the religious dispositions and affections are required to be conjoined with the great philosophical statements of religious truths. It is not enough that one is good, he must be sound. There is a practical toleration toward those whose lack of education or feebleness of mind gives no power of reasoning upon such themes as are involved in the great doctrines of revealed religion. But in proportion as men are educated is the demand intensified that right affections shall proceed from right beliefs.

Young Cathcart, during the last two years of his college course, had found his religious life passing from a state of acquiescent acceptance into one of eager questioning. His Reason was asserting its sovereignty. Should he believe because his parents and teachers did? Should he suffer himself, among so many sects, holding widely different beliefs, to be located without any deliberate investigation or honest judgment of his own? Was a man to be superscribed by his parents, like a letter, and sent to this or that church?

To this rebound of reason from youthful faith was added the influence of scientific studies, to which his taste had strongly inclined him. But the result was far other than he had anticipated. He proposed to himself to open, investigate and settle, one by one, the great truths of religion. He but half succeeded. He opened but could not close. He had power to bring into doubt every one of his childhood beliefs, but he had neither the experience nor the grasp required to conduct them back to certainty.

He began to feel that convictions did not follow logic. The feelings must be consulted, and the imagination as well as the reason, in re-establishing faith.

At one time he would drift far away from all positive belief. All the more familiar truths seemed paralyzed. As men look back upon nations in the olden time, and know that amid their fondest convictions they were in profound error—that their gods were myths, their histories half fables, and their theology a mere fiction, so now and then it came home to him with ghastly distinctness, that a time would come when men would look back upon him and his generation in the same manner.

From these dreary solitudes Barton would rebound, after a time, into an enthusiastic re-acceptance of all his childhood faith. He was enraged at himself and at his intellect for robbing him of peace.

It was like him to carry on these conflicts within himself silently, and without help from others. Thus for two or three years his soul rose and fell like the tides. He was swept far out into the solitudes of the sea, where sometimes silent mists, and sometimes mighty storms befell him. Then, with inexpressible relief, the current changed, and he swept shoreward, and flowed in again to familiar bays and rivers, and rejoiced in the old places.

This could not continue always. The painfulness of this dreary uncertainty at length had become so great that he relinquished all thought of religious themes, in so far as he could, and assisted himself in his efforts by excessive application to study. During the first year after he graduated, he had contrived to smother his difficulties, and to maintain a peace which he hoped would become permanent.

In this state of mind when a deep religious movement began in Norwood, he found that his troubles were only covered up, not extinguished.

His mother's solicitude that he should rise into an open and earnest religious life was extreme. She ventured but a few words, but they were like arrows. Dr. Wentworth and his family left Barton to follow his own bent without seeking to force it. Dr. Buell, kindly but firmly, pressed him with considerations of duty. Barton shrank from disclosing his real state. If he had reached any settled convictions he would have had courage to avow and defend them; but to say that the religion of his childhood had let go and dropped away from him, and that he held in doubt all that those most dear to him held in a blessed certainty, was to make himself the victim of feelings worse than pity. He lived in a community where to be an unbeliever was to be a criminal.

A new misery befell him. The consciousness of a secret life utterly at discord with his seeming life, and with that of those dearest to him, began to raise in him the fear that he was practicing insincerity;—that he was living a false and double life. He abhorred duplicity. He loved truth and frankness. And yet, in matters of the most vital moment, he was living a life utterly different from that which all that knew him supposed. At times his distress grew so great that he was on the point of disclosing his feelings. But to whom? Not to his mother. That would pierce her without relieving him. Not to Rose. He shuddered at the thought. It would be like letting night down upon his already faint hopes. Should it be to Dr. Buell? But the Doctor, he thought, had never doubted as he had, and could, therefore, have no sympathy with one upon whom an argument and a text produced little salutary effect. The question was soon answered for him.

"I have called," said Parson Buell to Dr. Wentworth, "to speak with you concerning our common friend, Barton Cathcart. I have talked with him several times on the great subject on which so many are interested. But I obtained no response. It was plain to me that his thoughts were disturbed, and from certain signs I am led to fear that his views are unsettled. I am distressed to think that this season may pass and leave no blessing for him. We cannot endure to see a nature so noble made a cast-away. Perhaps it will be in your power to aid, at least to ascertain his true state. The spring is passing. Summer will soon be here. He is a child of faith and of many prayers. I am aware of his partiality for you, and of the great influence which your mind has over him. It may be that he will repose in you a confidence which he seems indisposed to place in me."

The Doctor promised to give to Barton an early opportunity of conversation, should he wish it. But it came even before he sought it. Rose on the next morning told her father that Barton had been questioning her on many points of religious belief, and had expressed a wish to converse with her father.

That very evening Dr. Wentworth and Barton were long together. The result only of their conversation did the Doctor deem it best to report to Dr. Buell.

"I think Barton has stumbled at the letter, but has not fallen from the spirit of the Record. Unskillful handling of his own case has made him morbid. He desires the truth as an unweaned child yearns for its mother's breast. It ought not to be difficult for such a one to find firm faith. His is a clear instance of that doubt which has widely sprung up in the track of physical science. It arises from the introduction of a totally new *method* of investigation. It must be met on its own ground. If the distinguishing doctrines of grace have their types and root in nature, as I believe they have, then evidence from that source will reach the trouble. The alphabetic forms of moral truth found at large in the world will serve to teach one at length how to read those clearer manifestations of the divine nature, and of moral government, which are perfectly disclosed only in the life and teachings of our Saviour."

But we prefer to let Barton Cathcart speak for himself. From a private journal we extract a few passages.

BARTON CATHCART'S JOURNAL.

"*June* 10.—To-day has been full of excitement. I have seen Rose. Why do I seek to unsettle her peace? Should I love her, if her soul wandered as mine does? Am I not drawn to her by her deep peace, by that very faith that does not falter? And yet I am provoked that she is tranquil and I am not. Why should she have all the gifts of God and I none? Everything with her tends to fullness of peace, and to gayety and joy. But I am heavily laden. Thought only mires me deeper. I cannot get my consent to relinquish it. It follows me—haunts me. I cannot accept the religion of my fathers. I cannot get rid of it. I am vibrating between faith and skepticism. I envy little children. I would give all the world if I could go back to be like them—to have their unfaltering trust in truth. I am giddy and whirled and very unhappy.

"Dr. Wentworth told me yesterday that my trouble was that I was living in my own personality; that I was too low down to see the truth; that I should never *reason* my way through; that moral truth could not be perceived by pure reason; that it must have an emotive inspiration, and come first as an experience, and afterward, if at all, as an analysis and deduction; that I must grow tired and despair of engineering my way by mere reason; that when I came into a state of moral exaltation, I should see truth and its harmony; even then that it would not be *expressible*; that a moral view that satisfied a full nature could not be reduced to terms of language. I have had several conversations with him. He, if any one, can help me. But how to come to that exaltation? Am I to believe what I don't believe, in the hope that it will kindle my moral feelings to luminousness? Am I to stultify my reason first, in order to educate it?

"Yet, the doctor knows the courses of scientific thought; he certainly has kept pace with the knowledge of skeptical schools, and yet he is a Christian believer. He seems to carry nature and Christianity in harmony. He is certainly at rest. That I do know. I have too sure an instinct not to know who are doubting. My sore heart is so sensitive that I feel, almost before I hear one speak, what he will say. I am repelled from those who are at rest in unbelief. Judge Bacon chills me. I rebound from Wentworth, because he believes and from Bacon because he does not. His cold touch shocks me. I feel when he talks about religion as I should if my mother was dead, and I saw a surgeon using her body for anatomical demonstrations. All my life is woven into Christian faith; to rid myself of it is to tear every thread that connects me with the past, with childhood, with home, with taste, with love, with knowledge itself. What is a thread worth drawn out of the fabric? That is a man separated from the influences and beliefs that formed him, and which are woven into society. Dr. Buell warned me against becoming fascinated with specious unbelief, said that the pride of my heart would deceive me and flatter me to my ruin. Great God! what is there attractive in not believing? It is living torture. I am like a man who, walking unconsciously, has slipped into a dry well, whose sides defy climbing. I am alone, men walk a hundred feet above me—perhaps near me—no one hears, no one extricates. I look up and see the sky, only to measure how deep my grave is and how hopeless of ascent! I am alone there—I am without food or water or companionship, at the bottom of a well, looking up in despair of ever again feeling benign influences! Fascinations of skepticism! They are to me the fascinations of the torture-room, they are as attractive as nightmares in a fever!!

"To all the rest, is this secret horror, that I am separated by my miserable state from Rose. She could never love me, could she see what a soul I bear. I would not deceive her if I could. Could a man of honor, if he was diseased, be so foolish as to hide it from a woman whom he honored—knowing that he would secure her hatred when she discovered it? But how much more is a soul and mind in disorder than a body? I dare not love Rose and lose her. I do love her, and despair of ever coming nearer to her. She would not love me, I know, if she knew me. I would not be united to her if she, in her divine kindness would! What, marry a mere nurse! a soul nurse! Marry for my own sake, and not for hers! Bring her no peace? no joy? no larger life than she had before? I wish that I could worship God as easily as I can Rose.

"*June* 15.—My school, at any rate, is helped by my inward disquiet. I seek relief in labor and thought. I fly from those sad and dreary moods, introverted and self-conscious. They ruin me and would poison every one should I infect them. I watch my scholars to see if they know that I am swinging like an unlighted star in a great circuit of darkness, eternal motion, without light or rest. I shrink from them as if I were false to my place, and had no business with children. Oh! those dear faces, turned up to me with such clear trust, I look upon them with unutterable feelings. God! suffer not contagion to go from me! I redouble my energy. I seek to fire them with ardor and honor. I seek to so burden myself with duties toward them that I shall have no room for suffering myself.

“They certainly answer to my exertion. All the nobler natures are inspired by me with almost romantic zeal. I see by their eyes admiration and fondness; but it falls upon me as the ardor of worshippers once fell on marble gods. I am cold to it. I have that sense of unmanly suffering, of soul disquiet, of utter ruin.

“*June* 20.—A strange experience befel me yesterday. My day's work was done. My walk was completed. The sun had gone down. I had fallen into one of those balanced states of mind in which is calm, and all the evening scenes tended to soften even to tenderness. A robin flew into the trees over against my room, and began that peculiar song which indicates the absence of its mate. It is the sweetest and most passionate of all their singing. And since I have learned that it is a call of loneliness for company, of love *for* love, it seems to me very exquisite, though very sad. I sat in the window till the light had faded, the song growing more and more restless and almost expostulatory. Soon the bird flew, and I heard it again further off; and, after a little, it seemed to have flown yet further, and its now waning notes died out in distance. My soul was strangely affected. I almost ceased to be conscious of my body. Stealing up from the east, the moon threw a light on the valley, upon the tops and edges of the village trees. There lay Holyoke and its silent fellows brooding in sombre silence. I was inexpressibly sad. I seemed alone, helpless, unhappy. I involuntarily called out, ‘*My God*, why hast thou forsaken me?’ What followed I can account for only as a phantasy. Or *was* it real? *Is* there still an inspiration? I did not *think*. It was *seeing* rather! The whole heaven seemed full of ineffable gentleness. It seemed as if I was caught up into it, and felt borne in upon me a sense of God's care for me—his love, his wisdom in guiding me. A wonderful conviction seemed to flow in on me that I should surely be brought out of all my darkness, and that all this trouble of soul was like the trouble which a seed feels when yet under ground—dying that it may sprout and live. Then, all unbidden, there sprung up in me such a desire to praise God as I had never felt before or imagined. For the first time in my life I had a conception of *infinite* love. I had heard the words before. Now I had a sense of the thing itself. All my soul seemed urgent to utter itself and I could not speak a word! The psalms rushed before me in which trees, mountains, sun, moon, stars, all nature, were called upon to join in praising God. But how strangely different in effect! Before, I had read them as one hears Handel's Messiah, in fragments, on a piano. Now it was as I imagine the Messiah to have been when thousands of singers and instruments gave it forth in all its grandeur at Westminster Abbey. Everything within me became heroic. I could have yielded my life with ineffable joy to please God. All complaining seemed to me like dust which one kicks with the feet. I was absorbed and almost identified with this Universal Presence. And now, as I remember it, the strangest part of the experience, though at the time it did not strike me as such, was the nourishing pity with which I looked upon myself. I seemed to comfort myself, as if my higher self was consoling a lower self. I felt a true and ineffable pity and sorrow for myself, for my doubts and yearnings, for my longing ambitions and unsatisfied strivings; and it seemed to be borne in upon me, in a way such as no words could have done it, that all my faculties, tendencies, aspirations, had their natural and perfect fulfilment in God, and not in attaining anything in myself. I remember a sort of figure that seemed to come forth from nature to me—that flowers never blossomed inwardly, into themselves, but outwardly, into the light, and that all the beauty they had, either of form or color, was what they borrowed from the light which they received and reflected, and so a soul, it seemed to me, was never happy or beautiful except when it was unfolding into God.

“How long my trance lasted I cannot say. I threw myself upon the bed without undressing. A tide of tranquil delight gently flowed through my soul. I asked myself whether, were it God's will, I could yield up all my prospects in life. The mere thought of pleasing God seemed rapturous. I repeated ‘Thy will be done,’ and the effect was wonderful. I had a vision—shall I call it—of the divine beauty, and of a realm which was glorified by its shining light, and all my desires, personal and secular, shrunk and faded. In that exceeding light and beauty I seemed to myself unutterably insignificant. The course of my thoughts, the nature of my feelings, the ambitions and pursuits of my life, seemed under a shadow—stained, and poor, and degrading. I never imagined before what it meant to be a man, nor how far I had been from it. In those blissful moments I tested my feelings for Rose. If anything in my life had before seemed to me pure and noble, it was my hidden love for that nobler creature. But I was amazed to perceive how, in the light of His countenance, the very fragrance and blossom of my heart seemed rank and coarse. My whole life withered, and my virtues dropped like blackened leaves. And yet this unbeauty, this moral poverty, brought joy. Right over against me rose to a stately height the conception of a Being whose very nature it was, spontaneously and with deep yearning, to love and embrace such unworth. I remember thinking—for I then *thought*, as one *sees*, vast ranges of truth and ideas flying at once before me, almost without succession in time—that love of God came to me as I had seen the sun pour and flame, in the Spring, upon a brown and frozen knoll, and pierce it, and thaw it, and warm it, and nourish in it the hidden roots, and day by day bring them out in beauty. So it seemed that God's nature fell upon mine. How long this lasted I cannot tell. When I awoke in the morning I seemed like one who had missed his latitude. I went asleep in summer and awaked in winter. I ran to the window and saw all things as I had been wont to see them. Birds were singing—men and boys walking—wagons rolling—the smoke rising pale against the sky, hardly crooked by a breath of wind. The vision had been caught up. In its place was the great working world. I never was so sad to be awake. I longed for something lost. Yet I am wonderfully quieted. I do know that there is *a realm of truth*. I cannot well be made to believe that there was nothing divine in this exaltation and spiritual insight. It is an inexpressible relief to feel a *certainty* that nature has a Master. Now I will seek Wentworth again, and see what he means when he says that the Bible interprets nature, and that nature nourishes the truths of the Bible, and that they are parts of one development, and in harmony.

“*July* 1.—The town is filling with strangers; also come back acquaintances. Young Frank Esel has come, and is of course much at W.'s. Exceeding good company. His genial gayety refreshes me. We have much in common. I don't think that Rose *can* flirt. Yet she is a woman, and is pleased with attention, and seems fond of Esel. They are much together. They work together, drawing and painting in the open air, and holding large discourse.

“There comes, too, this summer, one Heywood, from Virginia. I am told that he is highly accomplished, and I perceive that he is elegant. I met him once or twice, and am drawn to him, as he seems to be toward me. He has been bred to the Law, and is now studying, nominally, with Judge Bacon. He wonders that I do not study Law. I am every day more inclined to do it. Heywood does not intend practicing law. He tells me that his tastes lead him in the direction of Political Economy, to which in reality he devotes most of the time which is supposed to be spent in the Law.

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August 1.—Something has happened I am sure. Frank Esel seems much disturbed. Rose is even more kind to him than before. But I think it is sisterly. He still visits much at the Doctor's. But he is less buoyant. A dash of sadness. I find him looking fixedly at me, as if studying my innermost thought. Poor soul. I shall not be in his way. He leaves for home soon.

“I learn that Heywood is to be heir of the Chandler property, and that he is to reside here. He has property in the south, and if he inherits the Chandler estate he will be one of the wealthiest men in these parts. Chandler is said to be worth half a million. Chandler's wife and Heywood's mother are sisters, so that there is relationship between them. He lives with them now. I covet his royal ease in society. He is charming even to men, and I do not wonder that ladies welcome his attentions. He has a high bearing without haughtiness, and he is truly considerate of every one, and kind to overflowing. If all Southerners are such as he, I am henceforth in love with them. Such as I have met, however, have been different.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SIMEON POMEROY'S ATONEMENT.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Simeon Pomeroy was esteemed by men as generous, high-minded and magnanimous above most.

Nobody suspected that he was implacable and unforgiving as man could well be, until his only daughter, the apple of his eye, the pet and idol of his life, offended him by marrying against his wishes.

He vowed then never to forgive her, and he never did, though she came to him, one awful winter night, and begged on her knees for his blessing and forgiveness.

He turned her out into the storm, as unrelentingly as he could the assassin that had sought his life; and people said that when he himself shut the door upon her, Louise Pomeroy, who was of his own blood, and like him, started up from the crouching attitude she had up to that moment maintained, and grasping at one of the stone pillars of the house to sustain herself, called out to him, that soon or late, by earthly devices or God's justice, though he drove her away now, he might be very sure that she would come back to him when he least expected to see her, and when her presence would have to be tolerated, undesirable as it might be.

The great oaken door gave no sign of having heard these words of mingled prophecy and menace. But Simeon Pomeroy had heard them, and as though to thwart all chance of her coming to the Hollow even after his death—for he thought that was what she meant—he sent to a distant part of the country after two orphan nephews to come and live with him and be his heirs, and made a will at once in their favor.

Louise Pomeroy vanished from that vicinity, and no news came back of her, save a vague rumor that she had died of starvation in a remote city.

A curious change crept over Simeon Pomeroy from the day that rumor came. A strange whiteness settled in his face and upon his hair, and he began to use a staff. He was heard to murmur half to himself, “Lord, what a miserable sinner I am.” But, stranger than all, was his adoption of a little starveling beggar-girl who made her appearance at the Hollow something in this wise: They were sitting in the great drawing-room—that stately, magnificent room that always looked empty, even when nearest filled, it was so grand and high and sombre in all its richness—Simeon Pomeroy and the two boys he had adopted.

The boys were both handsome, both Pomeroys in look and gesture, but the one who sat farthest away from the fire, where the blaze on the hearth threw him in shadow, had not to a casual observer so attractive a countenance as the other. He was dark and grave and silent, and kept his thoughtful eyes upon the book on his knees, scarcely lifting them except when directly addressed by his uncle, though it was easy to see, by the faint but irrepressible curl of his lip occasionally, that he heard much that was passing.

The other boy seemed younger than this dark, proud-faced youngster, and was fair, and smiling, and chatty. His blue eyes were bright and laughing, his handsome features were changing in expression, and as he sat on a low seat close to his uncle, his rich brown curls fell often against the old man's arm, and he looked up in his face, confidingly, as a girl might. He was evidently the favorite, and was indeed nearer of kin to Simeon Pomeroy, being the son of a sister, while the other, Regulus, was only the son of a nephew. Both were Pomeroys, however, and the only ones of the name, save the old man. So he tried to treat them alike, except that this fair-haired Philip coaxed and caressed and flattered his way nearer to his heart than the proud Regulus would try to do.

But as I was saying, the three were sitting there one evening, half lost in the great, grand room that their uncle insisted upon sitting in, when the hoarse bell that was in the habit of clanging a summons to open the front door, tinkled faintly, as though a spirit had set it vibrating.

This mild ting-a-ling stealing upon the half-ghostly stillness of the old house, was a great deal more impressive in effect than a regular crashing ding-dong would have been. Besides, the door to which this bell was attached was never used now-a-days, and some pretended to say, had never been opened since old Simeon put his daughter through it and shut it on her prayers and entreaties for forgiveness. However that was, all three there at the fire started as the bell tingled hesitatingly, and before any of them had stirred rang again.

“Shall I go to the door, uncle?” asked Regulus, quietly, though his face was pale.

“Certainly not,” Simeon Pomeroy said, sternly, “the servant will do that.”

“The bell is too far away for them to hear, you know,” suggested Philip, while Regulus sat down again, rebuked; and as the faint summons, after a long pause, came again—“won't you let Reg. go, uncle, and stop the racket?”

“I will go myself,” the old man said, suddenly starting from his seat; “that door has not been opened for so long—not since—since—I don't know as the key is in it.”

He hurried out into the hall, which led to that door, the two boys following with eager faces; and Simeon did not send them back.

The key was in the lock, but it turned rustily, and the great door creaked on its hinges as Simeon Pomeroy opened it.

It was a dark, rainy night; and at first they could see nothing, and began to think perhaps the old bell was crazy or haunted; when, out of the darkness came a little voice:

“Please, sir, I'm cold!”

Regulus sprung forward and caught something in out of the rain, which beat upon it, exclaiming:

“It's a poor little child, sir, that has got lost!”

Philip laughed sarcastically.

“I don't believe she ever was found, Reg. She looks like a regular Topsy!”

The child, for such she seemed, struggled out of Regulus's arms, and caught hold of Simeon Pomeroy's hand.

“My name isn't Topsy at all—it's Ray, and I'm cold. I want to go and warm by that fire in there—may I?”

She pointed with elfishly small fingers toward the drawing-room, through the open door of which came a glow of the blaze within, and looked up at the old man with eyes that were glittering with eagerness.

He shut the door without a word, and led her into the warm hearth, upon which she stood quietly, glancing now and then at the little pools of water made by her dripping garments, but contentedly enjoying the warmth, apparently unconscious of the curious glances bent upon her, and refusing to sit upon the stool Regulus brought.

She was a little thin, pinch-faced child, with eyes of a half-wild brightness and black as sloes, and her head was a mat of black, tangled locks that she was continually pushing off her face with a hand about as long as a baby's and as thin as a consumptive's. Her sole garment, an old tattered scarlet cloak, clung wet and dripping about her, and her feet, blue, and bare, and shrunken, looked like the feet of some strange bird.

“Did you say your name was Ray?” questioned Philip. “You ought to be called Elf or Goblin. I am sure you look more like a witch's child than anything else.”

And he turned laughingly toward his uncle.

The child just glanced at him with those strange bright eyes of hers, and said, looking at Regulus:

“I'm hungry!”

Without asking permission, Regulus darted from the room and was back again in a trice, with some cold fowl and half a loaf of bread that he had got from the pantry, as the first things he could put his hands upon.

Simeon Pomeroy made no remark as the child took from Regulus what he had brought; but, instead of eating it, stood with it in her hands, glancing from it to Regulus and back again, and finally asking more timidly than she had yet spoken:

“I should like a knife and fork, and a plate, please.”

Philip laughed aloud at this. But Mr. Simeon Pomeroy, with a gesture to stop Regulus' leaving the room again, rang the bell for a servant, to whom he said:

“Bring me in a tray of something nice for a lunch.”

Mr. Pomeroy's orders were accustomed to receive swift attention, and the tray that came in ten minutes after was quite sufficient excuse for the enormous dilation of Ray's wonderful eyes, as it was placed before her on a little stand that Mr. Pomeroy caused to be wheeled forward.

“Is it *all* for me?” she asked in a voice of awe.

And, when she had eaten all she could, she added, apologetically:

“I am much obliged to you, sir, and I wish I could eat it all, but I can't.”

Philip laughed again, unrebuked either by Regulus' look or little Ray's—

“It is very rude to make fun of people.”

Mr. Pomeroy came forward from the shadows amid which he had been slowly pacing while the child was eating, and began to question her. She seemed a strange mixture of simplicity and wisdom, knowledge and ignorance. By her language, she must have known people of refinement and cultivation; but she persisted that she had no name but Ray and that she came out of the woods.

The end of it was, that Mr. Pomeroy called the housekeeper and told her to find the child a place to sleep for the night.

The housekeeper had had children of her own once, and they had all died young. Perhaps that was the reason she looked so sharply at Ray; and, after declaring she “wa'n't goin' between no decent sheets in that fix,” gave her a sousing in warm water and cold, a scrubbing with soap and towel, and a general renovating that seemed to Ray like a resurrection.

Mrs. Bounce hadn't been at the Hollow in the life-time of Louise Pomeroy, and had no superstitious shrinking from certain appropriations of child's clothing, which she proceeded to cull from stores she knew of. The master never went near them—it was doubtful if he even knew what were in those drawers from which she drew such wonderful raiment for wide-eyed Ray.

The child slept as though on rose-leaves that night, and waked with the fragrance and glow of her unaccustomed couch in every dimple of her little shape.

Mrs. Bounce dressed her in a little scarlet frock from the same drawer that had furnished such snowy garniture the night before, and laid deft fingers among the black tangles that had made her look so elfish; and then she went herself with her to the room in which her master and the two boys were breakfasting.

Ray took the lead, though, the moment the door was opened. Such airs as the child took upon herself. There was a vacant chair at table, Philip not having come in yet, and she climbed into it, and sat with her hands folded before her, and an expression of the most demure gravity on her little face.

Mrs. Bounce attempted to remove her, and Mr. Pomeroy stared; but more at the apparition she was than at her behavior. He would not have suspected the identity of this rosy, delicately beautiful little girl with the poor starveling of the night before, but for the piercing brightness of her eyes, which appealed to him as she yielded to Mrs. Bounce.

In a few words, the housekeeper hastily explained, and her master, after an instant's thought, bade her bring another plate and chair for the child.

Nothing was said about her going or staying after that; but she stayed, and became at once the pet and sunshine of the house. Nobody but loved her, unless it were Philip, for whom she conceived an aversion from the first, which he inwardly reciprocated, hating her, and jealous of her, too; but outwardly expressing it only by hectoring and tormenting her to the best of his ability. She had a ready wit, however, and a nimble tongue and foot, and Master Philip got worsted at his own game sometimes.

Between Regulus and little Ray grew up one of those childish attachments that are sometimes extended into mature life.

Simeon Pomeroy was fond of the child, yet somehow shrank from her. He liked to watch her, but he repelled her if she approached him. He rarely reproved her, but as rarely caressed her; and she as often needed reproof, for she was wilful and mischievous, as she missed the caresses which, being affectionate and artless to a wonderful degree, she did miss from him. She asked him in her frank, childish way, sometimes, to kiss her; but though he did so, it was with such a grave, strange air, that as she grew older she ceased to ask for what she yet craved, for she loved him with a grateful enthusiasm and devotion that no language could do justice to, and no coldness check.

The two boys, Philip and Regulus, went away to school in time, and finally to college, but Ray stayed at the Hollow and had a governess. Simeon Pomeroy choose to have it so, and she was well enough pleased. Mr. Pomeroy was always uneasy at ever so short an absence of her from the Hollow, though when she was present he rarely gave any outward sign of consciousness. He stinted her in nothing, either of dress, ornament or culture. He spent money prodigally in her behalf, but he did not like to have his munificence noticed, or at all acknowledged, and Ray, with rare delicacy, respected this peculiarity of his.

When Regulus and Philip came back to the Hollow, fully fledged graduates, college honors clustered thickly on both heads.

Ray had changed, they found, quite as much as they. Neither of the young men felt quite so much at ease in her presence as formerly. Neither could recognize, for a long time, that this quiet, stately little lady, with grace in every noiseless footfall, and bewildering witchery in every glance of the slumbrous, dark eyes, could be the little Ray whose wet rags had dripped on the marble hearth in the drawing-room only ten years before. To look at her, you would not have thought such an incident as that could ever have chanced in the life of such a little princess as she was now. But proud as she seemed, and was, Ray, to do her justice, never ignored that time, but, on the contrary, referred to it freely.

It was not strange that Regulus, handsome, noble-hearted fellow that he was, should learn soon to love the vision of loveliness Ray had become.

But it was not really to be expected that Philip's old-time hatred should change to a love that was certainly as little valued by Ray as his hatred had been regarded. Her dislike and mistrust of him remained, and she stung him gracefully with her readier-than-ever tongue at every opportunity.

In the old days, he had been secretly as unfriendly to Regulus as to her, and never let an opportunity slip of prejudicing Mr. Pomeroy against him. Mr. Pomeroy was, perhaps, too easily prejudiced; for he liked the chatty geniality of Philip, and felt repelled by the reserve and pride of Regulus, who was of a sensitive, proud nature, and shrank from receiving favors of any, even Mr. Pomeroy.

Only the promise made a dying mother kept him where he was, a pensioner upon the bounty he would have preferred not to receive. To his uncle his silent moods were all sulkiness, thanks to Philip, and his prejudice against the boy was unbounded. He did not, however, alter the will he had early made in favor of the two equally, though Philip certainly worked with that end in view. Having decided to divide his wealth between these boys, and brought them up to expect that, Mr. Pomeroy was too just to do otherwise.

He did interfere in a very marked manner, however, for Philip in another direction.

Forgetting or ignoring that old lesson with regard to poor Louise, he signified to Ray that he wished her to marry Philip.

Poor little Ray. Wilful and spoiled as she had always been, she had never, in the exuberance of her affection for the strange old man, deliberately disregarded any desire of his. His wishes had been her law. But she had kept her childish outspokenness, and when he told her she was to be Philip's wife, she said at once that beyond all living creatures she disliked him, and that no fate but would be more welcome than to be his wife.

“You will marry Philip this day week,” Simeon Pomeroy said, coldly, “or you will go hence to the degradation and poverty from which I rescued you.”

“It was not degradation, sir,” Ray said, proudly. “You cannot even send me back to its poverty. I have through you riches of mind that simple banishment from your roof cannot take from me.”

The old man looked at the lovely, spirited girl in surprise; but he only repeated:

“This day week you marry Philip.”

“Or accept the alternative,” Ray said, in a low voice, as she left the room.

Regulus stood by the window at the extremity of the passage as she left the library, and going up to him, she said, extending her little hand:

“Good-bye, Regulus. I leave the Hollow in the morning.”

Regulus grew pale, but he smiled.

“You refuse to marry Philip, then?”

“How did you know?” Ray exclaimed, eagerly.

“He was boasting to me this morning that you were to be his wife.”

“Never,” Ray said, with a lift of her small head.

“Why? You don't love any one else, Ray?” Regulus said, in a low voice, bending toward her.

Ray's sweet face drooped till the black soft curls hid it; but he caught between the meshes of those bright rings the glimmer of royal blushes.

“Is it I, Ray? Sweetest, dearest. If I thought you loved *me*, life would have nothing left to wish for.”

A low laugh ran down the passage, and Philip, who had approached stealthily, stood behind them, white with anger to the lips that sarcastic laugh had just left.

“He's a good one at love-making, isn't he, Ray?” he said, trying to take her hand within his arm. “Have you told him you are to be my wife?”

“I am *not* to be your wife, Philip,” Ray said, drawing back proudly, and glancing with love-lit eyes up into Regulus' face, while she clung to him. “How could I do other than love this heart that has always been so faithful to me,—long ago as well as now ever true and noble,—the prince of hearts. I love Regulus, Philip. Are you answered?”

Philip could not speak for anger; his face was purple; his eyes starting; but he made a frantic and rough movement to take Ray from the arms that clasped her. She uttered a little cry, for he hurt her, and the next instant Regulus had smitten him to the floor. As he fell his head struck against a jutting point of the old-fashioned carving; and when Simeon Pomeroy, drawn by the noise, came out into the hall, Philip lay their, his brown curling hair saturating with blood and his eyes closed. The old man understood the scene at a glance; at least he comprehended that Regulus and Ray were lovers, and that Regulus had struck Philip. He thought Philip was dead. Simeon Pomeroy had always been hasty and impulsive. He was not one whit less so now in his old age. Turning swiftly back to his private desk, he rummaged in it a moment, and came out again with that will made so many years before.

“Wretched boy,” he said, “you have slain him, and thus I cut you off from all inheritance of mine.”

He tore the will in fragments, and fell senseless to the floor.

The servants came rushing in, and the two prostrate forms were lifted and borne to their respective couches.

Rage and the wound together brought a brain fever to Philip. Simeon Pomeroy came to himself some time that night, but he lived only three days.

The night before he died he sent for Ray. Neither she nor Regulus had ceased to use every exertion both for his comfort and Philip's. She came to him pallid with watching and anxiety, but calm, even when he, regarding her more sternly than ever, asked if she persisted in disregarding his desire that she should marry Philip.

“Why should I?” she asked, sadly. “Why do you wish me to marry Philip when I love Regulus?”

“Because,” he said, partially lifting himself in the energy of his denunciation, “I love you and Philip, and I hate Regulus. He has always thwarted me, and condemned me to my face. I never could bend him, he never yielded to me, or loved me. If you marry him I will give you both my dying curse. You shall not—shall not——”

His voice died in an inarticulate murmur, his eyes seemed starting from his head, as he pointed tremulously at the vacancy between the festooned canopy at the foot of the bed.

“You said you'd come. I—I—know, Louise, but I didn't think you'd come that way,” he groaned rather than spoke. “Did you say you had forgiven me, child—me, your poor old father, that drove you out to starve? I never expected that, Louise—I thought you died hating me.”

There was a pause. The old man drooped back upon his pillow, beatific smiles breaking over the aged face. Suddenly he started up again, groping for Ray, like a drowning man after the plank that is between him and eternity.

“Your child, your c-h-i-l-d,” he gasped, beginning to quiver like an aspen. “I—I will, Louise; she may marry whom she likes, and I tore the will, so the property will go to—your—your child, Louise—God—be—thanked.”

With a wild cry Ray caught the head that was drooping again in her arms.

“Grandpa,” she entreated, “speak to *me*, grandpa. I've known it a long time, but I didn't dare tell you. Grandpa, won't you speak to me?”

Her agony mastered her fear and awe, as she entreated; and the dying eyes opened upon her comprehendingly, and the dying lips moved to say:

“My dear little Ray,” and then he was dead upon her shoulder, and she was sobbing wildly over him.

Had the spirit of Louise Pomeroy Raynall really been present in that room? Ray never doubted it.

Ever since she had heard the sad story of the disinherited daughter, Ray, coupling the story with her own fragmentary recollections, had known that she was dwelling in her grandfather's house, and because he had taken her in so freely, she had long since forgiven him, as Louise would, his unkindness to her poor mother. She remembered better than she told the incidents that checkered her little life before she drifted into her grandfather's care. But sorrow and suffering, and sad experiences, had made her shy of telling her story.

Philip lay up stairs in his chamber, unconscious, while his uncle was being buried, and for weeks after. Regulus was away in search of the proofs of Ray's relationship to the dead man.

He came back to the Hollow the morning of Philip's first descent to the drawing-room. The young man was then, indeed, unfit to leave his chamber, but he would come down, and confronted Regulus and Ray standing together before the fire, they happy, loving, beautiful—Ray's sweet face starry with joy; he, wan, emaciated, tottering with weakness and hateful eagerness.

Both ran to meet him and assist him to a seat, but he repulsed them and found a chair unaided. Looking up then, after a pause to get strength, he said, fixing a malignant eye on Regulus:

“I believe I'm master here now. The will being destroyed, leaves the property to the nearest of kin, and therefore to me, who am the son of a sister, while you are only a nephew's child. Being master here, sir, I desire you to quit the Hollow inside of an hour, or I will have you kicked out. If Ray will stay as my wife, well; if not, she may go, too, and the sooner the better.”

Regulus and Ray exchanged pitiful glances. They were too sorry for him to be angry at his raving.

Regulus had brought back from his journey ample proof of the righteousness of Ray's claim to the Hollow.

Ray sent Regulus out while, as gently as she could, she told Philip the truth.

He refused for a long time to believe her, and when at last convinced, spurned with bitter contempt the generous girl's announcement that she considered it only fair to divide the property between the three.

He had a relapse after that, and lay ill longer than before. But Regulus and Ray nursed him through it. He rose from that sick bed a changed man, grateful, broken in spirit, and contrite of heart; and refusing utterly to share in the Hollow property, went forth and carved an honest way for himself to the heights of prosperity.

Ray and Regulus live still at the Hollow, and it is whispered that their oldest son is to marry a daughter of Philip.

Curious Facts in Natural History.

The rattlesnake finds a superior foe in the deer and the black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

Physical Effects of Mental Emotion.

George Grokatchi, a Polish soldier, deserted from his regiment in the harvest of the year 1677. He was discovered a few days after drinking and making merry in an ale-house. The moment he was apprehended he was so much terrified that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court-martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word; nay, he became as immovable as a statue, and appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. In the prison to which he was conducted he neither ate nor drank. The officers and priests at first threatened him, and afterwards endeavored to soothe and console him, but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immovable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, and he gradually sunk and died.

AT TWILIGHT.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Slowly fades the orange sunset,
And like shapes from off the ground
Rise the dews in wreaths of vapor,
As the twilight gathers round;
And the wind within the tree-tops
Makes a melancholy sound.

Slowly from the purple mountain
Fades the sunset's rosy glow;
And the valley wrapt in shadow
And in silence sleeps below;
Through it winds the gleaming river
With a still and voiceless flow.

Hushed are now the wind's sad murmurs,
Soft and low as whispered words,
Scarce a sound breaks thro' the stillness,
Tuneless are the drowsy birds;
Only from the cool, deep meadows
Comes the lowing of the herds.

And like lamps at evening lighted
Glows the firefly's ruddy gleam
In among the tall, lank grasses,
By the borders of the stream
That flows onward thro' the valley
Like the river of a dream.

Onward where the mill, in silence,
Frowns by yonder sandy bar—
Like a jewel in the heavens,
Seeming near tho' distant far,
Lone and lovely, beams resplendent
Over it the Evening Star.

And the young moon's slender crescent,
Set in fields of azure, shines,
Like a horn of polished silver,
Just above yon group of pines,
Thro' whose branches fall the sunbeams
Slantwise as the day declines.

Close and closer press the shadows
Of the swift advancing night,
Like a pall they fall about me,
Shutting out the failing light;
Only in the village churchyard
Gleam the headstones ghastly white.

Here, within the dim porch, shadowed
By the flowering jasmin vine,
Often in the solemn twilight,
With her small, white hand in mine,
We, together and in silence,
Watched the stars begin to shine.

Round me now I feel the presence
Of her spirit in the air,
And I seem with added vision
To behold her standing there,
Gazing on me, calm and saintlike,
With that face divinely fair.

And her pale lips seem to utter
Words that I have heard before,
Soft the voice as waves that murmur
On some far enchanted shore—
Words which once I heard so often,
Yet shall hear on earth no more.

Can it be that the departed
E'er revisit this dull sphere,
Making known their unseen presence
To the friends they loved while here—
Why, if now no longer with us,
Seem they sometimes still so near.

Faded is the orange sunset,
Faded is the rosy light
From the purple mountain's summit,
And in darkness to the sight
Fades the landscape as the twilight
Deepens downward into night.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Pink Pomeroy had never, in her short, bright life, worn so lugubrious a face as on that bright summer morning when she went about her usually pleasant household tasks, not singing merrily as of old, but droning, in minor key, the doleful lines which preface this sketch.

Aunt Sarah was visiting at Pink's father's house—making that long annual visit of weeks at her brother's, in the old homestead that had once been her own home, when she was a bright little beauty—just like Pink, the old people said. Aunt Sarah was a cheerful old maid. We pity the man or woman who does not know at least one such. They are the very salt of the earth—unselfish, active, kind, loving. And these were the very characteristics that all united in ascribing to Aunt Sarah.

I believe Pink thought almost spitefully, as she moved about with her young heart so full of its unspoken bitterness, that Aunt Sarah had never known sorrow or trial, and Aunt Sarah reading her thoughts, and wishing to exorcise the demon in her young bosom, said:

"My dear, do you think Aunt Sarah's fifty-five years have been passed without a glimpse of the dark face of sorrow? If it were truly so, I should indeed have been favored above the daughters of men. I do not know what has brought such a cloud upon my Pink's bright face just now, but I am sure it is but some passing shadow. Sorrow, real sorrow, has never yet shown her dark face to my darling."

And so Pink sobbed herself into quietness, and kissed Aunt Sarah, and then rose up to the finishing of her appointed tasks; for Pink was no idler, but a thrifty, healthy, farmer's daughter, who knew how to do a thousand useful things, and to make the ancient, low-walled farm house as beautiful and far more picturesque than a city palace, with the dainty devices of fingers that disdained not the brownness gained by real work. All this, and yet at evening, and in the long summer afternoons, Pink—crowned queen in the right of her beauty and youthful elegance—was ready always to entertain with faultless grace the guests that loved to flock to the old farm house.

There was one who, oftener perhaps than any other, came thither, to whom the sight of Pink's graceful form and the tones of her sweet, merry voice were a very heaven of delight. He loved her so that he was sometimes, Pink thought, awkward and intrusive. He never paid her compliments, but just followed her about and watched her with gloating, jealous eyes, and was often desperately in the way of the various little harmless flirtations in which the gay young coquette indulged. He had never "voiced his love," at least in the ear of his beloved, and Pink was one of those frank, downright girls who have no patience with whiffling and uncertainty. And she did not choose to be kept from the full measure of the enjoyments of her youth by the close attentions of one who would neither go away nor speak.

Now she did by no means put these thoughts into words. She was very young, and well satisfied with her home, and her bright and pleasant lot. Only so long as she was claimed by none, she wished to be free to receive the homage of all. She was a little bit of a coquette, this pretty Pink.

So, not quite knowing her own heart, Pink gave poor Herbert Sanborn many a hard rub, that he bore too patiently and ruefully. A little timely anger would have done no harm, and might have served to reveal the young girl's heart to herself. But Herbert Sanborn was the son of a widow, whose small income was now all needed for her own support, and he, not yet through his studies, could add nothing to it. Therefore he could not marry at present, and he was in a miserable state of doubt. He doubted whether Pink loved him, first of all, and even if she did, he doubted if it would be quite honorable to seek to bind her fate to his, while it was so uncertain. And so, unable to keep from her presence, and in his own misery never once thinking that he might cause hers, he like the moth fluttered about the torch of his hopes and singed and singed himself again.

One night Pink treated him very pleasantly, for no other wooer came, and she liked him well in the improved mood that a clear field conferred upon him. She saw how agreeable he was, the extreme affection with which he spoke of his mother pleased her. She saw how beautiful were his soul-lit eyes, now he had lost the anxious, uneasy expression he always wore in the presence of others, and how his mind was richly stored with golden thoughts, all ready for production. She really liked him.

But next time he came all was changed. Other lovers were there—one the admired of all her circle, who distinguished her above all. He was rich, well-born, talented. Above all, he had the ease and assurance of a practised man of the world, one sure of his position, and confident of his power over all competitors.

Pink knew all this. She did not think or care whether the man would choose a wife from a lowly farm-house—she had always been so flattered and caressed that she had felt herself any man's equal. She only knew that he was a delightful companion, and that Herbert Sanborn sat by gnawing his lips with jealous rage, and beheld her latest triumph.

She went too far that night, and even Herbert gained courage. "I will follow this false light no longer," he murmured, as he plodded his way homeward. "She does not love me, and I must not waste my best years thus. Only by a terrible wrench can I tear this delusive love from my bosom, but it must be done."

And when they met again he did not seek her side, but devoted himself to a plain, quiet girl whom few noticed. Pink went home in a strange tremble of anger and despair. She cried herself to sleep, for the first time since babyhood, and woke up next morning with a strange weight at her heart, but trying to think that his conduct was accidental.

So it continued. They met often, with growing coldness on either side. It was Pink's first trouble, but she bore it bravely, and the harder the pain tugged at her heart the more merrily she flirted. And then Herbert thought she was utterly lost to him, and would have gone away to hide his grief, as some animals do, and perhaps die, but that he must live, and live *there*, for his mother's sake. And one evening Pink's new lover, grown tired of the flirtation, bade her a graceful farewell, and was gone without a word of a prospective return the same hour she heard that Herbert Sanborn was soon to marry the plain girl to whom he had been quite attentive of late. And then Pink went home and cried the whole night through, and the next morning, after trifling over an untasted breakfast, arranged the parlors with sad face and slow step, to the solemn air of "Once upon a Time."

And then Aunt Sarah loved and comforted her, and learned the whole story—part of which she had seen, and much of which she had suspected.

She mused in a sad silence for a little while, as Pink proceeded with her duties in a better frame of mind. She saw that the child was very unhappy, and that a sudden revelation had come to her. Now that she was to lose Herbert Sanborn, the assiduous tender lover of years, scorned in his unoffered love, she had learned how dear he was to her. Never in her life had she been denied any coveted gift; now the chief good which, she felt too late, was to give brightness and flavor to her life, was to be taken from her, and the nature that no experience had taught resistance bent beneath the blow.

Aunt Sarah saw all this, and resolved to speak.

"I will tell her what I have, and she will learn perhaps that griefs more terrible than her's have been borne, and how mercifully bestowed is that elasticity of the young heart that enables it to rise when the storm has passed."

"My child," she said softly, "you are bearing a great sorrow, but it will not crush you utterly. Do you think that none have ever borne so much and lived? Perhaps Herbert Sanborn will even yet return to you. You have but listened to a vague report, of which you know not the foundation. But, if he does not,—if he returns no more,—your love is unspoken, and it will die in the silence of your heart, and be buried there, when you know that it has become sinful.

"Let me tell you a story of my early life—you will learn from it that worse sorrows than yours have been borne and over-lived. As you have sung of 'Once upon a Time,' let me speak of it. Truly I can speak of my past thus, for, in my memory, that one drear time swallows up all—for it was then that I lost every hope and joy that made my young life happy.

"They said I was pretty then, and none praised me more warmly than Joseph Stockton. I had known him from childhood, and could scarcely remember the time when all my future was not bound up in the sweet hope of one day being his wife.

"But I was gay and loved fun and merriment, while Joseph was grave and seldom joined in our youthful sports. When he was at home, I seldom joined in them either; but when he was away, breasting the surges and wrestling with the ocean for the treasures that were to make our home beautiful, I could not deny myself the enjoyments I coveted. Nor did he wish that I should. Often when he was leaving me for those long voyages of months or years, he would say, 'Only love me, Sarah, darling, and think of me often when away; but do not mope or pine. I can be with you but little now, but by-and-by I shall have earned the right to be with you always; and then, I think, my darling loves me well enough to settle down into the quiet home which I can give her.' I did love him well, and it was amidst all my gayety the ever-present, loving thought of him who was so dear, and the home I was to have with him that made my heart ever warm with true happiness.

"This life went on for years. Joseph came and went. He was working steadily for one object—to earn enough to enable him to retire forever from the sea. He had losses. He was not always prosperous—and this delayed the accomplishment of his hopes. We were no longer young. My life was not so pleasant as it had been. My father and mother died. Your father married, and brought home his wife, and the old homestead was not so much *my* home as of old. A new mistress reigned, and, though I loved her well, I was no longer the petted daughter of the house and its real mistress. My spirit was proud, and I chafed against aught that seemed like restraint or dependence. I was not happy, and I tried to find more pleasures in a warmer pursuit of the old gayeties.

"But younger girls were stepping forward to occupy the place that had been mine. Every thing now was unsatisfying. There was one who affected to disbelieve the story of my engagement who was assiduous in his attentions. I never thought then that the rumors of the modest wealth that my father had left me influenced him. But I learned afterward that it did, and that he hoped to oust my absent lover and gain his place.

"Joseph had long been absent. The hope of large gains which would permit him to retire from the sea had prolonged this absence. He heard of the attentions of Mr. Bernard, and he wrote me from a foreign port remonstrating, kindly and lovingly, as he always did, upon them. For the first time I was angered by his words, and I was foolish enough to let Bernard perceive that something annoyed me, and then to confide to him the cause.

"And then, oh, fatal day, I allowed myself to be persuaded to write to Joseph that I would not submit to dictation. I was not yet his wife, and never would be if he could not trust me during the long waiting he imposed upon me. This and more; but I never meant it, as he received it, as a threat that I would yield up his love and our hopes.

"He got the letter at Southampton as he was about sailing for the China seas, and he wrote me that if I could feel happier with another he would not bind me to an irksome promise. But in any case he bade me remember that, in life or death, he should love me alone. He could not hear from me for months, but he hoped that this was his last voyage; and whether he returned to find me the wife of another, or to take me to his bosom as the partner of his life, he still should love me to the end; and so with this reiterated promise he bade me farewell.

"Somehow this letter made me hate Bernard, and I forbade him my presence. I could not then write to Joseph, but I resolved that every thought and act of my life should be thenceforth for him; that I would live thenceforth for him alone.

"I never heard from him again. Pink, my darling, he was lost one dreadful night in those stormy China seas, working to the last to save his crew from the doom of his wrecked ship. The sea never gave up its dead, but all were saved but him. He died, not knowing that the girl he had loved with his whole heart for his whole life was true.

"My heart was well nigh broken when that fearful news came. Oh, Pink, there was no more gayety for me; and I never, never, could forgive myself the foolish love of it which wrung that brave heart, and perhaps sent him to his watery grave with the anguish of believing me untrue. Never, never, darling, scorn or hold lightly a true and faithful love."

Aunt Sarah was silent, but Pink was not comforted by this story, as she had hoped. Perhaps her coldness had estranged that true love; perhaps but for her own folly she had been happy.

Soon she met again Herbert Sanford. One evening she sat alone in the farm-house parlor in sad meditation. She felt strangely old. All her happiness seemed to belong to the past, and she thought how long life was. "I am but eighteen now, more than fifty years of life before me before I reach man's allotted age. Oh, what a misery to have to live so long!" She was very unhappy, and a bright tear or two had fallen, when the door opened and the servant ushered in Herbert Sanborn!

Pink started up. He was the promised husband of another, and she tried to rally all her dignity to receive him. But she broke down in the attempt. The tears began to roll down her pale cheeks. She sobbed and tried to turn away, and then suddenly she found her head pillowed upon his breast, and heard his voice calling her "his darling" and "his love."

Need I tell more? He had never thought of marrying any one else. And some day in the coming years she will be his wife, as now she is the truest and faithfulest of engaged damsels. For this reconciliation took place not long ago, but "Once Upon a Time."

"COLLECTING A BAD DEBT."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a dingy, ill-ventilated little cell in the topmost stratum of one of those immense human beehives that people call "tenement houses"—a room where washtubs and children, kettles and kittens, potato-parings and clothes-pins, were scattered about in reckless disregard of the divine principles of order. Dr. Maynard stood still in the middle of the chaos, afraid to move lest he should step in the starch bowl, or on one of the children who swarmed about the floor.

Dr. Maynard had recently come into possession of this property by the death of a relative, nor was he particularly pleased with his new acquisition. The few weekly visits he had made were not accompanied by any particularly agreeable reminiscences; in fact, he dreaded them, as a civilized colonist might dread an irruption into the savage jungles of African wildernesses! Dr. Maynard had always made human nature a study; but this nature seemed scarcely human in its odd, Celtic developments.

"Of all people I ever stumbled across," said Dr. Maynard, "the Irish are the most improvident. What *is* the reason I can never get my rent on this floor? The German people down stairs are always ready, and my American tenants are a model of punctuality. It's really a very unaccountable thing to me!"

"Sure, sir, 'tisn't my fault," said Mrs. Tooley, lifting the corner of her coarse checked apron to her eyes, partly to check the tears that always rose readily to her muddy blue eyes, and partly to hide the flush of mortification that suffused her freckled cheek; while Terry and Mike and little Norah clung to their mother's voluminous skirts in a sort of vague apprehension that something was wrong, although their tiny minds could hardly take in the full meaning of the catastrophe that was disturbing their domestic peace.

"Not your fault, Mrs. Tooley?" repeated Dr. Maynard, in sharp accents. "But it never *is* your fault, according to your own story."

"My man is sick, sir, wid the rheumatiz in his knee-joints," apologized the Irishwoman, "and it's hard work we have to get along, and provide the bit and the sup for the growin' childher; meself knows the rint ought to be paid, and if you'll have a little patience, sir——"

"Patience—patience—patience!" ejaculated the doctor, each word uttered in a key somewhat higher than the last. "One ought to have the patience of Job to get along with such a pack of tenants as I have. Why don't you *work?*"

Mrs. Tooley glanced a little reproachfully at the wash-tub in the corner—a sort of altar, enshrined in the incense of steaming soap-suds.

"Indade, sir, I try my best; and I had hoped to have the money ready for you to-day, but Mrs. Napier put me off as she's done many a time, bad luck till her. 'It's the girls new dresses cost so much,' says she. 'You're too impudent altogether, Bridget,' says she—and me starvin' for the money that's me own, and not hers at all, at all!"

"Do you mean Mrs. John Napier?" asked Dr. Maynard.

"Sure I do, sir, and it's nine dollars and sixty cents she's owin' me for the sweat of me brow and the wear and tear of me hard-worked hands," said Bridget Tooley, looking down at the red and parboiled members aforesaid.

"And won't she pay you?"

"Nivir a red cent, sir, though I told her how Patrick had the rheumatiz, and the children hadn't bread and salt to be comfortable. She's niver paid me since I began to wash for her five weeks ago the very last Tuesday that ever was!"

"It's a shame," said Dr. Maynard, laconically.

"Sure an it is, sir," assented Bridget, meekly; "but what can a poor body do?"

Dr. Maynard murmured something under his breath. Mrs. Tooley could just catch here and there a disjointed word of the old Bible sentence having regard to "grinding the faces of the poor!"

"Well, Bridget, you are not so much to blame as I thought you were," said he, in a milder tone, as he turned abruptly on his heel. "I'll call again next week; it's more than likely you'll have the money by that time"

"The blessin' of all the saints be about yez and over yez," whined the relieved Bridget.

But the unceremonious closing of the door cut short Mrs. Tooley's shower of blessings and unnecessary details. Dr. Maynard went slowly down the echoing, uncarpeted stairs, with his hands in his pockets, and his brows contracted, in a brown study.

As he entered his office, several blocks below, the first thing that met his eye was a note, written on perfumed pink paper, and sealed with a gorgeous heraldic device in rose-colored wax.

"Hum-m-m!" muttered the doctor, between his closed lips. "Mr. Napier's compliments; pleasure of Dr. Maynard's company to dinner on Thursday evening next, at six o'clock. Another of their champagne and turbot celebrations, eh? Well—well—well—these things are not much to my fancy, but I believe I'll go this time; I believe—I—will," repeated the doctor, thoughtfully stroking his chin, a habit he often had when his mind was busy at work.

And then he sat down to his desk and wrote a formal note of acceptance, as stiff and short as he was himself.

The Napier mansion—a showy edifice of stucco and plate-glass, after a rather doubtful style of architecture—was all in a blaze of light and flowers when Dr. Maynard arrived there on the eventful Thursday evening, a few minutes before six o'clock. Mrs. Napier, in a silver-green moire-antique, and quivering ornaments of pearl, received him with smiling urbanity, and Miss Theodosia Agnes Napier, in an artless toilette of white muslin and half-opened rosebuds, emblematic of her own youth, directed her sweetest glances toward the stiff old bachelor doctor, whose wealth was reputed to be so considerable. Other guests were also assembled—the *élite* of the city—and Mrs. Napier's heart thrilled high with pride and pleasure as she glanced round upon the various personages grouped about her rooms.

Mrs. Mapier was a Napoleon in social life—an Alexander in crinoline. If she had been a man she would have left an impress on the shores of time; being a woman, her sphere was necessarily more contracted. Born a parvenu, she had resolved, from the very first, to conquer the walled citadels of society. Always struggling with limited means, adverse circumstances, and unlucky combinations of events, Mrs. Napier had yet set herself to work to conquer Fate, and she had nearly achieved her purpose. Outward appearances were her *forte*; and as to principle, Mrs. Napier was as unscrupulous as any modern European statesman. Now at length she was beginning to reap the harvest she had watched and watered so long, and her spirit rose up within her exultant, in spite of the supercilious insolence with which many of her guests treated her.

"They despise me still," thought Mrs. Napier; "but I will yet conquer them."

Meanwhile Dr. Maynard said but little; nevertheless his keen eye was taking note of all the elegant trifles and expensive gimcracks that were scattered so lavishly round, and at length when the company were assembled at the long dining table, where hot-house roses glowed in crystal epergnés, and cut glass sparkled and massive silver (who was to know that it was hired for the occasion?) gleamed, he lifted his eyebrows and compressed his thin lips.

"They need a lesson, these foolish, aspiring upstarts," he said, within himself, "and this is the most fitting opportunity for administering it."

So the tide of dinner-table talk ebbed and flowed, and *bon mots* sparkled with evanescent glitter, and people laughed at they scarce knew what, and the rose-beaded champagne circled round and round the board, and Mrs. Napier thought triumphantly to herself:

"It will be a success!"

Just then Dr. Maynard's calm, monotonously pitched voice broke in upon a silence that had momentarily settled upon the festive assemblage.

"Mrs. Napier," he said, looking full at the hostess, "this is a very elegant table cloth."

Mrs. Napier smiled blandly and inclined her head, until the pearl ornaments tinkled softly. It was a very singular remark, but then every one knew that Dr. Maynard was one of those eccentric geniuses that nobody pretends to understand or criticise.

"And these napkins are as white as the driven snow," went on the doctor, critically surveying the double damask on his lap.

Again Mrs. Napier bowed.

"Moreover," pursued the doctor, in the same calm, unvarying tone, "I have been admiring Miss Napier's white muslin dress."

"Ah—yes," simpered the gratified mamma, "white is very becoming to my Theodosia's style."

And she glanced towards Theodosia, who was playing with her Black Hamburgh grapes in a manner eminently calculated to display her rings.

"You must have a very good laundress," said the doctor, abruptly.

"I believe Mrs. Tooley is quite competent to her business," answered Mrs. Napier, a little puzzled, but trying to indicate her claims to "our best society" by expressing no symptoms of surprise whatever.

"You are satisfied with her, then, madam?"

"Quite."

"Then why don't you pay her for her work?"

The *élite* dropped its silver forks and set down its glasses of champagne, quite uncertain whither this singular investigation was about to lead. Mrs. Napier turned scarlet.

"Dr. Maynard, I do not understand you."

"Do you not, madam? Then I will endeavor to speak a little more plainly. Mrs. Tooley is one of my tenants—she cannot raise her rent, because Mrs. Napier has not paid her a cent for the five weeks' washing she has done. As I cannot for an instant suppose that Mrs. Napier would withhold the wages of her laundress on any other ground than that of inability to pay, I can only suppose her too poor to discharge her rightful dues."

He was silent a moment. Mrs. Napier strove to speak, but something rose up in her throbbing throat and seemed to choke her. Mr. Napier sat at his end of the table aghast.

"Under these melancholy circumstances," resumed the ruthless doctor, "I beg leave to suggest taking up a collection at this table for the benefit of Mrs. Napier's distressed washerwoman, whose bills have *not* been paid! I put in a quarter myself—will somebody be kind enough to pass the china-plate?"

The china-plate went round the table in perfect silence, and returned to its original source well-filled. The *élite*, maliciously alive to all the weak spots in Mrs. Napier's armor, appeared to enjoy the thing. Mr. Napier, smiling faintly, endeavored to regard it as a joke; but his wife knew that this one evening had undone the work of years, and sat pale and silent. She could cheerfully have murdered Dr. Maynard at that moment, and Mrs. Tooley too!

"Ten dollars!" said the doctor, deliberately counting the change, "Just fifty cents more than we need; but it will not come amiss to Mrs. Tooley! Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to bid you a very good evening!"

But the party broke up simultaneously—somehow, no one cared to prolong his stay after Dr. Maynard's awkward little "exposition."

It was Mrs. Napier's last dinner-party. Socially, she was "extinguished." Furthermore, Mrs. Tooley lost her customer. "Small loss to the pocket of me!" she truly commented, while Dr. Maynard smiled sagely in his sleeve.

—The price of excellence is labor, and time that of immortality.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

"Is there a steady progress in Christianity among them cannibals?" asked an old lady of her nephew—a roving sailor—who had just returned from a long cruise. "Yes, Aunt Hepzibah; they've got so now they can take their grog like Christians and can't eat roast missionary without all sorts of seasoning."

Old-Fashioned Puffs.—The following are charges for newspaper puffs, which we find in an old Florida journal: "For a modest puff 3 Juleps; a tolerably good one, a box of cigars; a very good one, a pair of boots and vest; a splendid one, a broadcloth coat; a perfect sockdolager, a full suit."

An Illinois paper, in describing a donation party in that State, says, "The donations were liberal and various, including a pair of pigs, and keg of paint, crockery ware, books, a pot of varnish, and Durham cow, an assortment of provisions and a barrel of whiskey."

It is the rule of the inhabitants of certain islands not to allow a young man to get married till he can cut a sponge at the depth of forty feet. We do not think a man is fit to be married until he can cut a "sponge" no matter at what distance.

"I came pretty near being offended with that man," said A to B, pointing to C as he spoke. "Why?" "Because he called me a liar and knocked me down stairs. It wouldn't have taken much more to have made me real mad."

A Life-Insurance president ill-naturedly estimates that thousands of dollars have been lost by the companies because one of the questions which an applicant has to answer is, "What is your age?" This, he says, stops off some men and nearly all women.

A Parisian lady who has been in the habit of daily giving a half-franc to a beggar for several years, was politely informed by him a short time since, on her offering him the habitual coin, that during the "Exposition" he couldn't take less than a franc.

The bulletins of fashion state that "some of the ladies now wear long ribbons on their bonnets, to the ends of which tiny bells are attached." This is doubtless to notify their admirers that they have no objection to a *ring*.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

At a medical student's examination he was asked: "Do wounds often heal by the first intention?" "Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor." "When does mortification enusue?" "When you pop the question and are answered no."

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

"I wonder," said a Scotch maiden, "what my brother John sees in the lasses that he likes them sae well; for my part, I wad nae gie the company o' one lad for twenty lasses."

A Detestible Conundrum.—What historical name might an illiterate person pronounce in order to state the fact of the elevatian of a plebeian member of the Hebrew race? Juarez, (Jew are riz.)

"Are the Jury agreed?" asked a judge of a court attache whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yis," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to sind out for a half gallon."

The "Useless" Period of Masculine Life.—A sweet young lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.

"You and your wife should become *one*," said a friendly adviser to a henpecked husband. "Become *one!*" exclaimed the henpecked; "why, we are *ten* now." "How so?" "*She's* 1 and *I'm* a 0!"

CURRENT ITEMS.

A "lion tamer," while putting three lions through their paces in a menagerie near Rochester a short time since, was attacked by one of the animals, thrown to the floor of the cage, and badly hurt by the infuriated "king of beasts," who craunched the "tamer's" shoulder until the bones were crushed between his powerful jaws, to the great affright and horror of the spectators. But, fortunately, another keeper came to the rescue with an iron bar, and the refractory lion was subdued.

Hunters of grizzly bears sometimes come to grief, as a party that "went West" a few months ago in quest of that kind of game can testify. It seems they came upon a roving colony of grizzlies that were in good training for a fight, and which pitched into the hunters without ceremony, killed three of their mules and one of the men, and put the rest—some five or six—to flight, their camp equipage being left to whomsoever should find it.

A little girl, seven or eight years old, was returning from Sunday school in Hartford recently, when she passed near a large dog. She spoke to the dog and put her hand toward him, when he sprang upon her, threw her down, and bit her twice through the cheek and once in the nose. The bite in her nose tore open one of her nostrils, and those in her cheek were quite deep.

A family of two persons—husband and wife—living in a tenement-house attic in Suffolk street, becoming incensed over the division of a bottle of whiskey, the couple recognized each other as belligerents and at once entered upon hostilities. The result of the contest was that the husband got pitched down several pair of stairs, and the wife retained the bottle.

A woman stole $1,700 a short time since, and gave it up to the owner on condition that she should retain $100 for herself and $100 for her "counsel." Why doesn't the Constitutional Convention fix the percentage which thieves shall receive out of their plunder, and thus place robbery on a "legitimate" basis at once?

Two men were fighting on the track of the Erie road in Alleghany county, and a train coming upon them suddenly around a curve, they attempted to get off, but were not very successful, being knocked down, and one of them having his arm crushed and the other his leg.

A street fight took place in St. Louis a few days since, between an ex-member of Congress and another pugilist. After forty rounds had been fought, two roughs separated the combatants, at the same time relieving them of their watches and pocket-books.

Thirty years ago a peddler suddenly disappeared from Royalston, Mass., and was never again heard of until a few days ago, when a New Hampshire man, on his death-bed, confessed to having murdered him. What an awful load to carry for thirty years!

Seventeen thousand buffaloes are reported as having been slaughtered on the plains during the past season; but as no one knows how the count was made, not much dependence can be placed on the statement.

A Texan drover recently had a fearful fight with one of his bulls, wherein he was gored, and tossed in the air, and trampled in the dirt, but from which he finally came out conqueror by virtue of his eighteen-inch bowie knife.

The town of Bassetona, on the island of St. Kitts, was entirely burned down a short time since. There wasn't a fire-engine in the town.

A mother, with her babe in her arms, fell from a second-story window in a house in Allen street and was killed, but the infant was not hurt.

An unknown man jumped from the deck and in front of a Fulton ferry-boat the other evening and was drowned.

A New Orleans editor tells of counting one hundred and seventy-three alligators in a sail of six miles along a bayou.

A California railroad has paid $1,000 for refusing a passenger's fare in greenbacks, and putting the tenderer of legal tender out of the cars.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

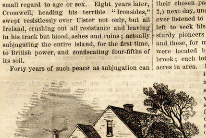
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. I.

A SAMPLE OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

ULSTER—the most northern of the four provinces into which Ireland is pretty equally divided—being separated but by a strait from the western coast of Scotland, was doubtless the recipient of emigration thence from time immemorial; but, after the suppression, by Queen Elizabeth, of a bloody insurrection of the Celts under Owen Roe O'Neil, against English domination, a large area of the soil previously held by the insurgents was confiscated; and "The Plantation of Ulster," with some English, but more Scotch emigrants, was effected under James I. More Celtic insurrections naturally followed; that of 1641 being marked as especially murderous; 40,000 of the Protestant settlers in Ulster having been speedily massacred, with small regard to age or sex. Eight years later, Cromwell, heading his terrible "Ironsides," swept resistlessly over Ulster not only, but all Ireland, crushing out all resistance and leaving in his track but blood, ashes and ruins; actually subjugating the entire island, for the first time, to British power, and confiscating four-fifths of its soil.



[THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. GREELEY'S MOTHER WAS MARRIED.]

Forty years of such peace as subjugation can make was suddenly broken by the expulsion of James II. from the throne of England, mainly because of his Romanism, while Papal Ireland still clung to his falling throne and resisted the accession of Dutch William and his wife Mary, daughter of James. Ulster, in so far as she was Scotch-English and Protestant, hailed with rapture the new rule; while Catholic Ireland clung to James; who, having fled to France, landed thence at Kinsale, and was received with open arms. The Protestants of Ulster, unaccountably left to themselves, had already been nearly overrun by the French and Irish soldiers of James, who was eager to pass over to Scotland and recruit his forces from the Highlanders of that kingdom, who were already enrolled, under the banners of Grahame of Claverhouse, and eagerly awaiting their monarch's appearance. Londonderry, (originally Derry, but renamed on being re-peopled, as above recited, under the patronage of a London company,) for months stood up almost alone against the overwhelming forces of James, ably led by Richard Hamilton, and finally by Conrad de Rosen. A poorly walled town of perhaps a thousand houses, garrisoned by a few drilled soldiers and three or four thousand armed citizens, partly fugitives driven in from the surrounding country, wretchedly armed, and most scantily provided with ammunition, commanded for weeks by a traitor, (Col. Lundy,) who did all he dared to betray them to their enemies, yet defied the most desperate efforts of their besiegers, with the still more terrible assaults of famine, and even their cowardly desertion by Gen. Kirke, who was sent from England to relieve them with 5,000 men and a supply of provisions, but who recoiled with all his fleet without even seriously attempting to succor the famishing, heroic city. Yet the sorely disappointed and distressed Protestants, so far from despairing, resolved, five days afterward, that no man, on penalty of death, should propose a surrender, and fought on, eating horses, dogs, cats, rats, salted hides and tallow, while scores died of absolute starvation, until not two days' subsistence remained, or only nine lean horses in all, and one pint of meal per man, when, on the 28th of July, 1690, a frigate and two transports ran up the Foyle past the enemy's batteries, and, sadly peppered and cut up, anchored at the quay, the transports laden with provisions.

Of 7,500 men enrolled for the defence at the outset, but 4,300 survived, and one-fourth of these were disabled. That night, James's army raised the siege, in which they had lost more than 8,000 men; and the signal defeat of their monarch by his son-in-law in the battle of the Boyne, a few days before, was speedily followed by the utter overthrow and expulsion of the former. Londonderry had saved the kingdom, and enabled William to fight the decisive battle under auspices far more favorable than if James had been allowed to cross into Scotland and add the Highland clans and their great leader to the army wherewith he struggled for his crown.

A quarter of a century had elapsed. William and Mary were dead; so was their sister and successor, Anne; George I. had been called from Hanover to the throne; when a new migration was meditated and resolved on by a goodly company of the "Scotch-Irish" of Londonderry and its neighborhood. They were rigid Presbyterians, of the school of Knox; the faith and observances of their Celtic neighbors were exceedingly repugnant to them, and those of the Protestant Episcopal Church by law established, little less so. Acts of Uniformity and other prelatical devices bore hardly upon them; they resolved to seek homes where they would enjoy absolute religious freedom. Sending out to New England a young Mr. Holmes to examine and inquire, they were incited by his report to take the decisive step; and a considerable portion of four Presbyterian societies (one of them that of Holmes's father,) resolved to cross the Atlantic. Early in 1718, they dispatched Rev. Wm. Boyd with an address to Gov. Shute, of Massachusetts, signed by 217 of their number, of whom 210 attached their names in fair, legible chirography, nine of them being clergymen. The governor's response was such that the colony, on receiving it, took passage on five small vessels, landing at Boston, August 4, 1718. Months were now wasted in seeking, in different lands, a location—the ensuing winter being passed with great privation and suffering by twenty families of these explorers, near Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, where they were saved from starving by a donation of one hundred bushels of Indian meal from the Massachusetts General Court. But Spring at length opened. The colonists, returning from Casco Bay, dissatisfied with their experience in that quarter, entered the mouth of the Merrimac and ascended it to Haverhill; where they heard of an inviting tract of wilderness known as *Nutfield*, from the abundance of its indigenous chestnut, butternut and hickory trees. Leaving their families at Haverhill, the men visited this tract, some fifteen miles northward; and, having found it worth their taking, they located thereon their grant from Gov. Shute of any twelve miles square of unoccupied land which they should select within the boundaries of his colony—to find, ultimately, that their Canaan was not in Massachusetts but New Hampshire, and their grant, consequently, of no use. As many, if not most of them, including nearly all their leaders, had borne part in the defence of the Protestant stronghold of their native land, they, in memory thereof, discarded the name of Nutfield, and were, in 1722, incorporated under that of LONDONDERRY.

Having hastily erected a few huts of logs, the pioneers returned to Haverhill for their families; the day of whose arrival—April 11th (old style), 1719—is regarded as that on which their settlement was founded. Rev. James McGregor, their chosen pastor, preached (from Isa. xxxii. 2,) next day, under a great oak, the first sermon ever listened to in that locality. When he had left to seek his family in Dracut, but sixteen sturdy pioneers and their families remained; and these, for mutual defence against Indians, were located but thirty rods apart, facing a brook; each lot being a mile in depth, or sixty acres in area. But two stone houses of refuge, in case of attack, were soon built, affording some security against savage incursions; and the town was finally laid off into lots each sixty rods wide on the road it fronted, and a mile deep, making each one hundred and twenty acres. Such were the dimensions of the tract on "the High Range," allotted, in 1721, to my mother's grandfather, John Woodburn, and which was by his industry transformed into the farm whereon she was born, and which is to-day the property of her youngest and only surviving brother, John, now about 70 years old. The first framed house, wherein she was born, was superseded, about 1800, by that wherein she was married, and whence I first went to school, which is now the family homestead. No price was ever paid for the Woodburn farm, nor has a deed of it ever been given.

Though the infant settlement of Londonderry was rapidly augmented, not only by the flocking thither of the original colonists (whose sixteen families in April had thus been swelled to seventy by September), but by continuous accessions of relatives and friends from the old country, yet brave men long plowed and sowed with a loaded gun standing as handy as might be, and with a sharp eye on the adjacent woods, and never went to "meeting" on Sunday without carrying their trusty weapon, first seeing that it was in good order. Nay; their spiritual teacher and guide for months regularly entered his pulpit musket in hand, and, having cocked it and carefully scrutinized the priming, sat it down in one corner, and devoutly addressed himself to the ever-living God. His influence with the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then French Governor of Canada, who had been his class-mate at college, and with whom he still maintained a friendly correspondence, was supposed to have averted from his charge the savage attacks by which so many frontier towns were desolated.

Mr. McGregor died in 1729, and was succeeded by Rev. Matthew Clark, a patriarch who now came out from Ireland on purpose, and whose memory deserves a paragraph. He never ate flesh, but said nothing on the subject, and his abstinence was regarded as an idle whim, until one day when my great-grandmother, then a young girl and an inmate of his house, saw the pot wherein the family dinner was cooking boil over into the smaller vessel wherein was boiling his frugal mess of greens. Supposing this of no consequence, she said nothing until—the family being seated at the table, and its head having said grace and taken his first mouthful—he was observed to fall back insensible and apparently dying. Recovering his consciousness after a few moments, he calmed the general excitement by saying, "It is nothing—a trifle—I shall be well directly—only a little of the water from your meat has boiled over into my greens." He had been a lieutenant in the famous Siege, wherein he was wounded in the temple by a ball, which injured a bone so that it never healed; and, though a devoted evangelist, could never forget that he had been a soldier. Once, while acting as Moderator of an assembled Presbytery, the music of a marching company was heard, when his attention was wholly absorbed by it. Being repeatedly called to give heed to the grave business in hand, his steady reply was, "Nae business while I hear the roll of the drum." When death came to him, at 76 years of age, and after forty years of blameless ministry, he said to sympathizing friends, "I have a last request which must not be denied." "What is it, father Clark?" "Let me be borne to my rest by my brother soldiers in the Siege, and let them fire a parting volley over my grave!" The military parade was conceded; but, according to my mother's tradition, the volley, though promised, was withheld: it being deemed indecorous and unsuitable that so holy a man should be indulged in a dying freak so unbecoming his cloth.

—It is not true, as stated in the papers, that the Hon. JOHN G. SAXE, who is now on a visit to Europe, is to write for the London *Punch*. He writes for no paper but the *Ledger*.

CHARMING STORIES.—The short stories in the *Ledger*, begun and finished in the same number, are the most delightful stories contained in any publication in the world.

—The Twelve Articles by the College Presidents will not be issued in book form. Back numbers of the *Ledger* containing them can always be obtained.

MR. GREELEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, commenced in this number, is sure to be both entertaining and instructive.

—The universal opinion is that MR. BEECHER'S STORY grows in interest from week to week. It is the great work of MR. BEECHER'S life.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No XII.

HINTS TO BUSINESS MEN ON MENTAL CULTURE.

BY M. B. ANDERSON, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

It is clear that the number of young men who enter a business life, after having received a liberal education, is constantly increasing. It is clear also that our best and ablest merchants desire on the part of their employees a higher range of intelligence and a greater degree of mental discipline, than was thought requisite in former years. The evidence for both of the above statements is abundant. But my design is not to make an argument in favor of giving candidates for mercantile or mechanical life a college education (though I believe it to be desirable), but to point out some practical methods by which those who have already passed the period of elementary training and are already engaged in business can secure growth, power and breadth of intellect. There is a common and somewhat vague distinction drawn between a trade and a liberal profession on the ground that the one requires little beyond manual skill for success, while the other requires a disciplined and well-furnished intellect. Now it is evident that this distinction fails in its application to individuals. For there are great numbers of mechanics, farmers and merchants who bring to their pursuits a broad and comprehensive mind, and so refer all their thinking to great universal laws that they become representatives of the philosophical tendency and habit. Such men invent new processes in the mechanical arts, contrive and improve labor-saving machines, strike out new channels of trade, foresee and evade financial crises, anticipate the result of increased safety, cheapness and rapidity in the transmission of goods and intelligence, make successful experiments in stock-breeding, fruit-raising, drainage and manures. On the other hand, every careful observer knows that the learned professions furnish manifold examples of men who preach, teach, practise medicine and law on principles as mechanical as those of the organ-grinder. It is evident that the relative dignity of different pursuits among men is not to be sought in the pursuits themselves, but rather in the amount of intelligence which is brought to bear upon them. All growth, progress, improvement in every department of human activity is due to those who bring to ordinary processes of labor the action of a clear and thoughtful mind—to those who think while they work. Here we have an illustration of what gives dignity to labor. The commonest handicraft may by the intelligence and culture of him who exercises it be elevated to the rank of a learned profession. Every learned profession, if practiced with a blind deference to ready-furnished rules, precedents, and decisions, without any apprehension of their ultimate ground in the nature of things, becomes a mere mechanical trade. From these general considerations, we see the value of education founded in general principles for every calling in life. A man becomes a better merchant, a better mechanic, a better farmer in the proportion that he is educated up to a comprehension of those general principles which underlie his department of labor. The value of that education which by common consent is called liberal to all classes in society must be admitted by all thoughtful persons. But the proportion of young men who can spare the time and money to obtain such a course of education before entering upon business is comparatively small. What course, then, shall a young man pursue whom circumstances have forced into practical life with a limited course of elementary training? Is he to assume that the time for mental improvement has passed? Or is it possible for him without neglecting his daily duties to make continuous acquisitions in literature and science? We believe it is. Education for our present purposes may be considered as designed to secure *discipline*, *knowledge*, and *power* of *expression*. Any man occupying a position of trust or control in the management of a business of whatever kind must of necessity give to it *thought*. He must acquire knowledge of a vast number of details connected with his occupation. These must be analyzed, classified, reduced to order. Rules of action must be evolved from them. These rules of action or general principles must be verified and tested, and their inadequacies noted. These processes of analysis, generalization, and verification, if gone through with in the light of common sense and practical judgment, will furnish a body of truths relative to the business pursued which may justly be called scientific. In these processes of thought, which become to the business man a matter of daily duty and necessity, he acquires intellectual discipline of a character not inferior in thoroughness to that obtained by the study of those scientific treatises which are made the basis of education in schools for liberal culture. The power to think clearly and sharply on one class of subjects assists us in thinking upon all others. Thus the very processes of thought necessary to carry on a business at all complicated will secure a good degree of mental discipline. Thus a few years of experience may place the energetic business man on a level in this respect with the regularly trained scholar. But our practical man is liable to be defective in that large knowledge of the experience and thinking of the past which is comprised in history and literature. This universal experience analyzed and condensed in the various forms of literary art is requisite in order to make mental discipline largely available. Without it the mind is narrow in its range of vision and comparatively barren in its products. Hence the business man needs to form *habits* of reading. This is difficult. A few hints on this subject may not be inappropriate. He should learn the art of labor saving. This may be done by the accumulation and use of books of reference, such as dictionaries, cyclopedias, and thorough systematic treatises on science and art. He should also gradually form a collection of the masters in elegant literature and history. The little time which such a man can command for the purposes of study forbids the idea of any very extended courses of reading. Let him use his books of reference in searching out such historical facts and allusions, and such questions in science and literature as from time to time arrest his attention. He will thus fall into the habit of investigating *subjects* rather than reading many books continuously. So doing, he will assist his memory, and avoid that loose and desultory reading which burdens the mind of the partially educated man with disconnected and insignificant facts and ideas. In so doing, he should learn to make good use of the headings of chapters and the indexes of books. While searching for a specific fact or discussion in a large treatise, he will often fix more truth in his mind than by reading a whole book without a specific and definite object. He will learn to set aside the regular idea that the books in his library are useless unless they can all be read through and digested. Books are now so numerous that the most diligent scholar must *consult* the mass of books on specific topics while he reads through comparatively few. It is fashionable to ridicule index and title-page knowledge; but it must be remembered that he who knows where knowledge is, and how to obtain it, is in a position nearly equal to the man who has it already. Let a business man, then, collect his books slowly; look carefully over their tables of contents and prefaces; and read occasional paragraphs until he ascertains the topics which are treated of. By so doing he will know where to look for discussion or information upon any subject that excites his attention. He may thus follow one subject and its collateral illustrations through several books—compare views and settle his own opinions with the expenditure of comparatively little time. A few hours of leisure thus occupied during each week will enable a man, in a series of years, to acquire a large amount of exact and well-digested knowledge.

The remaining element in education to which I will call attention is power of expression. Every business man must write many letters which, from the nature of the case, must have the binding force of contracts. Pecuniary considerations require that these be simple, exact, and unambiguous. If he writes and rewrites these with care, and is patient of the requisite labor, he will not only save himself from many lawsuits, but will acquire ease, elegance, and force of expression.

Those elements which go to make up a good business letter judged from the mercantile point of view alone, are fundamental in the formation of a correct and vigorous literary style. Clearness is the beginning, and almost the end, of literary excellence. It is by seeking after this excellence alone that so many comparatively uneducated business men furnish in their correspondence models of clear, compact and vigorous writing. Let the young clerk remember that in business correspondence words stand for money. That looseness and incoherency of expression, or careless selection of words, may entail the gravest mercantile disaster. It is as necessary for a merchant to write well as it is for an editor or a clergyman. This remark applies in an almost equal degree to the mechanic and the farmer. In the process of buying and selling business men acquire great facility in vocal utterance. If he is as careful in his conversation with his customers as he should be in writing to them, he may readily acquire the power of expressing himself with the tongue as correctly as with the pen. When the power of addressing one man with clearness and vigor has been acquired, he may use that power upon a dozen or a thousand. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a merchant should not cultivate expression in complicated and obstinate negotiations as successfully as the lawyer in his intercourse with courts and juries. The great trouble with men in learning to write or speak well is in the attempt to compass something better than plain good sense expressed in plain and simple words. Wellington was once persuading an able member of Parliament to enter a cabinet which he was forming. The gentleman excused himself on the ground that he could not speak in the House of Commons. "Pshaw!" said the Iron Duke, "do as I do; say what you think and don't quote Latin."

We believe that with well-directed diligence in the use of means within his reach, a merchant, a mechanic, or a farmer, may acquire knowledge, discipline and power of expression sufficient for all the best purposes of public life. The great want of our politics is the presence of able and honest business-men in our legislative bodies, who can give to our laws the impress of that sound, practical, good sense, which is the natural outgrowth of experience in affairs.

We need men of this sort to aid the people in adjusting to their shoulders the enormous burden of taxation left to us by the Rebellion. Other things being equal, the business man is likely to make a better legislator than a lawyer. Failing in general knowledge and facility of expression, they have abstained from public life, or when elected to office have had little influence beyond the committee-room. If what has been here written shall assist one young business-man in personal improvement, by giving him confidence and guidance, its object will have been accomplished.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—A SONNET.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

All things of beauty are not their's alone
  Who hold the fee; but unto him no less
Who can enjoy, than unto them who own,
  Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For Heaven is bountiful; and suffer's none
  To make monopoly of aught that's fair;
The breath of violets is not for one,
  Nor loveliness of women; all may share
Who can discern; and He who gave the law,
  "Thou shalt not covet!" gave the subtle power
By which, unsinning, I may freely draw
  Beauty and fragrance from each perfect flower
That still in maiden pride adorns the lea,
  Or in my neighbor's garden blooms for me!

FILLIBUSTERING.

Every now and then we have an "important rumor" or a "startling announcement" that secret organizations are in progress, drillings going on, arms being purchased, &c., &c., for the purpose of making a "demonstration," or a "raid," or an "incursion," in violation of the laws of nations generally and of the neutrality laws of the United States in particular. There are always adventurers and desperadoes among us who are ready to join any wild scheme of invasion and conquest, which presents to their excited imaginations a chance for notoriety and an opportunity for plunder. But the eye of authority is upon these men. Their game of "private war" is sure to be blocked if they attempt to play it in earnest. Fillibustering has been repeatedly tried by this class and has uniformly proved a most disastrous failure for them, while the national honor has remained unstained. We often receive letters from unsophisticated young men in the country who have been imposed upon by the getters-up of these lawless enterprises, inquiring as to the trustworthiness of the leaders and the morality of the proposed undertakings. To all such we say, beware of all such enterprises and of the men who are engaged in them. Nothing but disaster, suffering, disgrace and death can come of fillibustering, however its real character may be disguised from its dupes.

WORDS AND BLOWS.

The law insists that no verbal provocation can justify a blow. Society thinks otherwise. When a man, aggrieved by slanderous and insulting words, knocks the insulter down, the verdict of the majority is, "served him right." Legal justice is slow, and the result of its processes uncertain; but the motion of the avenging fist is swift, the penalty it inflicts summary. The instinct that stiffens the flexors of the right arm under such circumstances, is a wholesome, *manly* instinct. We must say that for it, even if we deprecate its indulgence. To fell to the earth a wretch who has maligned your character or endeavored to blacken the reputation of your wife, or mother or daughter, is unquestionably a luxury. We do not assert that such an act is *advisable*, but must say that it is a *gratification*. The person who inflicts the chastisement "breathes freer and deeper" after he has thus balanced accounts with the cowardly aggressor. It can hardly be said that a knock-down-blow is too great a punishment for the man who villifies his neighbor or his neighbor's family. If every viciously-disposed person *knew* that a sound thrashing was the inevitable penalty of evil-speaking, this world would be a much more agreeable world to live in than it is at present.

—Mr. Williamson, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, has sent us an imperial photograph of Henry Ward Beecher. The picture is a very fine one, and sustains Mr. Williamson's reputation as a first-class artist.

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Every summer vacation, I ask myself, why people who have no relish for country-life doom themselves to yawn through six or eight weeks of it? People who never move from a certain chair on the piazza save to migrate to their beds, or to the dining-table; who have neither eyes to see earth's glory, or heart to be grateful for it, or ears open to its myriad musical voices—living discords amid all its harmony. If invalids, I can understand and pity their misfortune; but your fat, well-to-do, buxom men and women, who have no earthly impediment to their locomotion, and yet who live weeks in the vicinity of grand natural objects, and are just as dead to them as the ox in the meadow—why do they travel thousands of dusty miles to get to them? People who look pityingly at you, as you return exhilarated from your delicious rambles, as if to say, "*Poor lunatics!*" One turns from them to the children, to whom every daisy and blade of grass is a bright heaven, and counts sadly over their lost years. Also I would like to ask, Is there anything in the climate of Vermont which turns out such huge trees, mountains, and *men*, that dwarfs nearly all its woman-kind? Again: Do preserves and pills, flap-jacks and ipecac, plum-cake and castor-oil, jelly and jalap have a natural affinity, that they are so often found in each other's company? In other words: Why do the country-women of New England waste their time in concocting the indigestible richness which everybody is better without, and which renders these drugs necessary? Half the time thus spent, if devoted to the manufacture of that rare commodity—sweet, wholesome bread—or to the best way of cooking meat so as to preserve its juices, would shut up the drug-shops, prolong their own lives and good looks, and make them a credit to the glorious country in which they are born. *Give us good bread*, my dear country-women. What else soever you pass over, *don't slight the bread*. It is the crying sin of the country, that if there are cakes and pies in plenty, the bread may be sour, or filled with saleratus, or so stale that a dog would not swallow it, or so "slack-baked" that one might as well eat dough. Now the digestion of an ostrich would fail on such fare as this. A healthy stomach revolts at it, and refuses to be put off with sweets and preserves. It is a crime to set such bread before *little children*, even if adult digestion were equal to it, which it is not. A great reform is needed here, and if I can help it on, I care not who boxes my ears for the attempt. To see human beings making and swallowing such messes, and then sending physic after it, like a detective, to clear it from the system, is a proceeding which should give them all a free pass to the Lunatic Asylum. There—now I feel better! While I am catechising, do you suppose there was ever an invalid who didn't button-hole everybody, to recapitulate his, or her, symptoms, exhibit their tongues, and discuss patent medicines? It gets monotonous after a while, particularly when you know that they are bound personally to experiment on every pill, powder and plaster that any heartless quack may invent to make a living. If half of them were to stop taking physic entirely, live on wholesome food, take plenty of fresh air and sleep, they would never know pain or ache. Don't the doctors know this, and laugh in their sleeves at it? And *does a doctor ever give drugs to his own family?* I think I have asked questions enough for the present, so we will consider the meeting adjourned. FANNY FERN.

THE LADIES AT THE POLLS.

Shall the ladies vote? All men who are in favor of their going to the polls please to say ay—contrary, no. There is a vigorous response from both sides, but the question is not yet decided, except by our Constitutional Convention.

Meanwhile the *pros* and *cons* are debated with great earnestness. The suffrage-seeking ladies talk well, very well; but don't they—the *Ledger* puts the question diffidently—say a little too much? Some of them intimate that they are not only prepared to do their own voting, but their own fighting. To that, of course, the male chivalry can never agree. Ods bodkins! shall women have the trouble of mowing us down as well as bringing us up? By our mothers—no! The "artillery of the eyes" they are welcome to use as they think proper. They rake us with that every day, and compel us to capitulate. What more could they do if armed *cap a pied*.

As to the propriety of granting them the franchise we shall express no opinion—at present. If we ever oppose the measure it will be on their account. Man would be only too proud to commit his dearest interests to their care. He does it individually—why not collectively?

Vox populi, vox Dei! We are content to leave the question to the people, and think they have a right to decide it. If it is so left, and the majority of the women of this country are in favor of female suffrage, the ballot box will probably give it to them, inasmuch as a majority of the women can make a majority of the men vote as they (the women) please, if they set about it.

High Character and Liberal Support Required for the Pulpit—Confession of Mr. Merrill.

The Rev. S. M. Merrill, the Methodist clergyman who was accused of elopement with a young lady, one of his parishioners, and who subsequently affected to drown himself, has re-appeared, and made a confession, with a strong appeal to the public for mercy on account of his innocent family. He states that he was overwhelmed with debt and had little or nothing to pay with. He says: "My debts perfectly over-"whelmed me at times. I sought the society of the "young, and where most freedom and gayety could "be found, there I visited most frequently. This gave "occasion to talk. Some scandal soon started in con-"nection with my name. I * * * I was indiscreet. "I called at the house of the family with whom my "name has been so sadly associated more frequently "than I ought to have done. * * * * Two or three "of the family were members of the choir, and excel-"lent singers. This served to furnish relief from the "gloom and darkness which had settled down upon "me. * * * * I am to blame."

Now what can be said in a case like this? The Scriptures teach us that the most frequent offender is to be forgiven if he repents. And we confess that, if the Rev. Mr. McChesney, when he had done as he would not be done by, had frankly acknowledged his fault, we should have felt the same towards him as we now do towards Mr. Merrill.

The Rev. Mr. Green, the clergyman who was arrested and taken back to Connecticut, on a charge of wife-poisoning, has, as yet, made no confession, except an attempt to cut his own throat. But Daniel Webster said, in the great Salem murder-trial, that "suicide is confession."

No man should ever undertake the sacred task of a religious teacher unless his principles are at once exalted and firm. Then the society have their duty to perform. They should give to a worthy minister a sufficient, a liberal, a generous support, and see to it that he is not burdened by debts and other unnecessary troubles.

—We have received a copy of the autobiography of the first forty-one years of the life of Rev. SYLVANUS COBB, D. D., to which is added a Memoir by his eldest son, SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., our popular contributor. In reading this volume of over five hundred pages one is impressed with the fact of Dr. Cobb's sterling honesty, truthfulness, and general excellence of character. He was of the real old Puritan stock, his ancestor, Elder Henry Cobb, having come out from England to the "Old Colony" on the Mayflower when she made her second trip to the New World. His life was one of usefulness and peace, and he went to his long rest accompanied by the tears and blessings of a wide circle of friends. The book ought to have a large sale. It is copyrighted by his widow, EUNICE HALE COBB—a remarkably good and able woman,—and is for sale at 37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

ESTRANGED.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.
I roamed to-day the sylvan scenes
We roamed together years ago,
And marked each spot that intervenes
Where cowslips peep and daisies grow;
But ah! they smiled not as of old,
And every nook was sadly changed;
The warmth of all the Past is cold,
Since Time has you and me estranged

II.
I heard among the hemlock-tops
The wind-harps of the South breathe strong,
And, mellowed by the tangled copse,
I heard the river sweep along;
But ah! 'twas not the sound that gushed
As when we there together ranged;
The Music of the Past is hushed
Since Time has you and me estranged.

III.
I breathed again the sweet perfume
That rises from the rich, dark ground,
Where mottled flowers of tiny bloom
Their gentle souls exhale around;
But ah! their sweets no more were drawn
With eager breath, and all seemed changed;
The Fragrance of the Past is gone
Since Time has you and me estranged.

IV.
I sat beneath the oak tree grand,
On the old "Lover's Seat" alone,
And seemed to feel a small, warm hand
Creep tenderly within my own:
But ah! it thrilled not as of yore,
Since flesh for shadow was exchanged;
The feeling of the Past is o'er
Since Time has you and me estranged.

V.
All clothed with Peace, I see you now,
Serene and soft as summer skies;
The same deep smile still lights thy brow
And kindly steals from lips to eyes:
But ah! for me its light is fled,
Its sunny joy to sadness changed;
The Beauty of the Past is dead
Since you and I are still estranged.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.

ALEXANDER'S JEALOUSY.

> Ten thousand fears
> Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
> Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms,
> For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
> With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
> THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

We must return to the hour when Alexander threw himself into his cab and dashed back to his hotel. He did not go to bed, you may be sure. He had a countryman and an acquaintance in the same house, who was no other than our young friend Francis Tredegar.

Francis occupied the singular position of being on friendly terms with both Alick and Drusilla, without knowing or even suspecting the relation that these two bore to each other; and, moreover, as he never happened to mention the name of Lord Killcrichtoun to Mrs. Lyon, or that of Mrs. Lyon to Lord Killcrichtoun, neither one of these was aware of his acquaintance with the other.

Mr. Tredegar had been at the Ambassadress' ball, and had returned to his hotel about the same hour that Alexander got back there.

So Alexander, instead of going directly to his own apartments, went first to Mr. Tredegar's room and rapped.

"Who's there?" cried a voice from within.

"It is I. Have you retired yet?"

"No. Come in."

Alick entered and found his friend, divested of his coat and vest and preparing for bed.

"Put on your clothes again, Francis; you must do something for me before you sleep," said Alexander, walking towards the dressing-table at which Mr. Tredegar stood, with his back to his visitor.

"Good gracious, Alick, my dear fellow, what on earth can you want me to do for you at four o'clock in the morning, after having made a night of it at the ball?" laughed Francis Tredegar, turning around in much surprise; but his surprise became consternation as he gazed on the haggard features and ghastly complexion of his visitor. "Merciful Heaven, Alick!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What on earth has happened to you?"

"I have been insulted, outraged, beyond all endurance! And I want you to be the bearer of a challenge from me!" grimly replied Alexander.

"A challenge, Alick? In the name of reason, are you mad?"

"I wish I were! Perhaps I am! But in a few words, Tredegar, if I convince you that I have been wronged to a degree unendurable by an honorable man, will you then become the bearer of my challenge to the base caitiff who has so foully abused me?"

"Why certainly I will, Alick. In any just cause I will stand by you to the very death! But is it really as bad as you think?"

"'As bad as I think?' Listen."

"Sit down, Alick, and tell me all about it," said Tredegar, rolling towards his visitor a comfortable arm-chair.

Alick dropped into the offered seat.

Tredegar perched himself on the corner of the dressing-table.

"I will put a case and let you judge for yourself. Suppose that you were devoted to a beautiful, amiable and accomplished woman, who was at least equally devoted to yourself——"

"Heavens! If I could suppose that I should be in paradise!"

"No levity, if you please, Francis."

"Beg pardon. I will be as grave as a rejected lover, or—as an *accepted* one!"

"Suppose this mutual devotion had grown up with you, from infancy to maturity; and that it was consecrated by the most sacred bonds and pledges."

"Meaning, poetically speaking, 'bonds of matrimony' and 'pledges of affection'—otherwise, practically prosing, wife and children."

"No, not exactly; but, to continue: Suppose this mutual devotion to have lived on in love, and trust, and joy, and peace until certain untoward circumstances—your own madness, to wit:—disturbed the harmony of your relations; yet still in all the discord this mutual love lived on; lived on, only deepened and strengthened by separation and suffering,—lived on until just at the time you were beginning to dream of reconciliation and reunion with your first love—your only love, your life's love—a base villain steps in between you, and, favored by fortune and by position, dazzles the mind and steals the heart of your beloved"

"And is that suppository case your own, Alick?"

"Yes, it is. What would you do if it were yours?"

"I'd let him have her! I'd give 'em my blessing, and let 'em go! But then I'm not you, Alick; if you feel inclined to call the fellow out and give him a chance to settle your prior claim by blowing out your heated brains, why that's *your* affair!"

"And *you* will have nothing to do with it?"

"I did not say that Alick; quite the contrary! You have been wronged, and I will see you righted if I can—and righted in your own way too!"

"Then you will take my challenge?"

"With all my heart. To whom am I to take it?"

"To Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden. May the demon fly away with him!"

"To Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden. *Whew!*"

"What's the matter?"

"He's a dead shot—the deadliest shot on this side the ocean!"

"That is not saying much for him! I'm a second or third rate marksman on the other side of the ocean. So that makes us about equal. Will you come to my room now, Tredegar? I wish to write my dispatch and send it off at once. No time should be lost in these affairs."

"What! are you in such hot haste to meet your foe? Are your feet so 'swift to shed blood?' Will you then rush, as our grand Fitzgreene Halleck has it—

'To death as to a festival?'

Alick, Alick! I am sorry for you!"

"Spare your compassion and come to my room," said Alexander, rising and leading the way through the halls and corridors that led to his own sumptuous suite of apartments.

Arrived there, Alexander made Francis Tredegar sit down, while he placed himself at his writing-desk and penned his challenge to the prince.

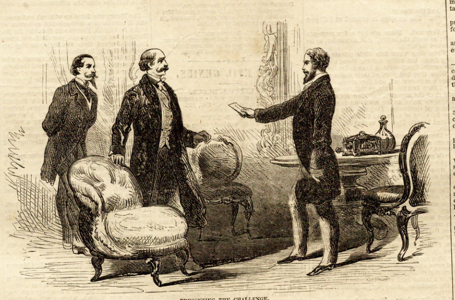
"I shall not have far to seek at any rate," said Mr. Tredegar, as he received the note, "for Prince Ernest has apartments on this very floor."

"I knew of course that he was stopping here," said Alexander.

"And now then, if it is a discreet question, who is the fair lady for whose sake two such gallant knights are to do battle?" inquired Tredegar, poising the paper on his finger.

"But it is *not* a fair question, Tredegar. The name of the lady should never be mentioned in such matters. I cannot utter it even to you, dear Francis," said Alick, gravely.

"All right. But see here! It is never that beautiful young widow, Mrs. Lyon, who made such a sensation as the belle of the ball last night?"



PRESENTING THE CHALLENGE.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Alexander, growing deadly white, and jerking himself around in apparent impatience, but with a real desire to conceal his emotion—"Bosh, I say! It is no widow for whose sake I wish to meet him. There is not a widow alive in whom I feel the slightest interest!"

"Well, then, I think you are all at sea about the prince. He thinks of no other woman in the world but the beautiful widow. His devotion to her was the general topic of conversation last night."

"And I tell you that you are all 'at sea,' as you call it, my dear Francis. Come! you have taken my word for the justice of my cause, now take my challenge to my foe."

"Well, that is soon done, unless he has gone to bed."

"That he has not I will venture to predict. He is waiting my challenge."

"As eager for the fray as yourself, eh?"

"Quite."

"But see here, Alick! I promised to stand by you in this cause, and I will do it; but though I bear your challenge, I shall try to settle this affair amicably."

"'Amicably?' It can never——"

"Oh I know it would be quite useless to argue with *you*; but Prince Ernest may be more amenable to reason, more open to conviction."

"Will you go?"

"Well, yes, I am going," said Tredegar, leaving the room.

As soon as he was alone Alexander looked at the clock. It wanted a quarter to five.

In passing before his dressing-table, his eye caught the reflection of his ghastly face in the glass.

"Good heavens!" he said, "I look like a ghost already. I shall not look more pallid after that fellow has killed me—if he does kill me—than I do now; and that chance of death reminds me that I must settle up my worldly affairs as quickly as I can."

So saying, he sat down to his writing table, took a sheet of foolscap and a coarse pen, and began to write. He wrote a few lines in an "engrossing" hand and then stopped, with a troubled brow, to reflect. Thus writing and reflecting, he completed the work he was on in about half an hour.

Then he took note paper and another pen and wrote a letter, which he placed in an envelope, sealed and directed.

Finally he sat back in his chair, and fell into deep thought.

When Mr. Tredegar had been gone an hour, he returned and re-entered the room.

"Well?" exclaimed Alick, looking up.

"Well, it is settled," said Tredegar, dropping into a chair near his friend. "I found Prince Ernest even more resolutely bent upon the meeting than you are. He considers himself the insulted party. When I requested to see him, I was admitted at once to his chamber, where I found him tearing up and down the floor in his sacred shirt. If my errand had not been so grave, I could have laughed. He made no sort of apology for his extreme dishabille, but seemed to know my errand. I handed him your challenge. He then began to rave about the insult that had been offered him, and the 'grawnd sat-ees-fac-shee-on,' as he called it, that he would take. He introduced me to his friend, Major Ernest Zollenhoffar, or some such barbaric name, and he told me to settle the preliminaries of the meeting with him. Then he dismissed us to an adjoining room."

"And you settled them?"

"Yes; subject, of course, to the approval of the principals. Prince Ernest approves. It is now for you to pass judgment."

"It is not likely that I shall object. Let me hear them."

Francis Tredegar took from his breast pocket a folded paper, opened it, and partly read from it and partly said:

"As it is not possible that this meeting should take place on English soil, it is arranged that the parties go by the next train to Southampton, take the steamer to Jersey, and proceed to the open country between St. Aubin and St. Héléir. The exact spot of the duel to be settled afterward. The weapons are to be pistols. The distance ten paces. The signals—One—Two—Three. At the last word—FIRE!"

"That will do. We must go by the eight o'clock train, which is the next. Let me see;—it is now a quarter past five. We must leave this house by seven, in order to make sure of our train. Thus we have but an hour and three-quarters for preparation," said Alexander.

"But I have not read you all the articles yet. There is something about surgeons and attendants——"

"Let all that go. It is of minor importance," said Alexander, laying his hand upon the cord of the bell that communicated with his valet's room.

He rang loudly and repeatedly. And presently the man made his appearance, half asleep and half dressed.

"Simms," said his master, "pack my portmanteau with a change of clothes and small dressing-case. We go to Southampton by the eight o'clock train."

The man stared a little at this unexpected order; but, being a well-trained servant, suppressed his surprise and hastened to obey his orders.

Alexander examined his pistol-case, and, seeing that all was right, proceeded to prepare himself for his sudden journey.

Francis Tredegar repaired to his own chamber for the same purpose.

[illegible] passed in this manner, and then Mr. Tredegar returned, travelling-bag in hand. He found Alexander again at his writing table.

"Come here, Francis, my dear boy; I want you to witness the signing of my will," said Alexander, looking around.

"You will require two witnesses," observed Francis Tredegar, gravely, as he approached the table.

"Yes, I know! Here, Simms."

The valet came up.

In the presence of his friend and his servant, Alexander signed his will. And then Francis Tredegar and John Simms signed as witnesses.

"Now, Tredegar, I have named you and another one, executors of this will. But I wish you to take charge of it in case anything should happen to me."

"Oh, bosh!" said Tredegar, gaily, yet with a tremulous tone,—"these affairs seldom end fatally."

But he took the will and put it carefully in his breast pocket.

"It is nearly seven o'clock now. I wonder if we could get some coffee. Go down, Simms, and see, and have it brought to this room," said Alexander.

The servant went on this errand.

The master turned again to his friend.

"Here, Francis," he said, gravely, as he handed the letter he had written; "I wish you, in case of my death, to deliver this letter to its address."

"Oh, nonsense. There is going to be nothing so solemn. You may be wounded slightly, and as you are a good marksman you may wound Prince Ernest seriously. That will be all," said Mr. Tredegar. But his voice trembled as he spoke, and his hand shook as he took charge of the letter.

"Why, good Heaven, Alick! this is directed to Mrs. Alexander Lyon, Morley House, Trafalgar Square," said Tredegar, in unbounded astonishment, as he read the address.

"Yes, that is what she *calls* herself," said Alexander, grimly.

"And so it is the lovely widow, after all, who is the cause of this hostile meeting?"

"I told you that no widow had anything to do with it. She is not a widow, Tredegar."

"Not a widow! and just now you hinted that she was not Mrs. Lyon. Who is she, then, Alick?"

"She is Lady Killcrichtoun—she is my wife, Tredegar."

"Good Heavens, Alick!——Here!—here is my hand! I go with you now heart and soul! I am not bloodthirsty, and I want no man's life; but I do hope you will cripple that fellow for the rest of his days!" fervently exclaimed Francis Tredegar, clapping his hand into Alexander's palm.

"I did not wish—I did not mean to mention her dear name in this connection; but circumstances and necessity have forced it from me. Treat it as a sacred confidence, Tredegar."

"By my soul I will!"

"And listen to this: the fault, the folly, the madness belong to *me* and to that man. *She* is blameless!—yes, blameless as any holy angel. I swear it by all my hopes of Heaven!"

The entrance of the waiter with a tray put an end to the conversation for the time being.

The friends took each a cup of coffee, a muffin, and a chop, and then went down stairs and entered the cab that was already packed for their journey.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE DUEL.

> Blood! he will have blood!
> SHAKESPEARE.

As Alexander and his party entered the fly that was to take them to the station, they observed the crested coach and liveried servants of Prince Ernest coming around the next corner.

"Ah!" said Alexander. "We shall be at the station before them. I am glad of it. Our advance will enable us to take a whole carriage and avoid the possibility of going down in their company."

"But it is not to be presumed but that Prince Ernest will do the same thing—will engage a whole carriage for himself and *suite*," answered Tredegar.

"*If he can.* But whole carriages are not always to be had, at the last moment before starting. There may chance to be one, and that I will secure."

They were bowling rapidly along the streets as Alexander spoke.

In due time they reached the crowded station.

"It is a notable blessing that we are not encumbered with baggage," said Mr. Tredegar, as they pressed their way to the first-class ticket-window.

"Yes; what little we have can be taken in the carriage with us," replied Alexander.

High over the heads of the crowd that was before them, Francis Tredegar held his ten-pound note, and high also over their voices he spoke:

"We want a whole first-class carriage, if you please."

His note was taken.

"How far?" inquired the agent.

"Through," answered Francis.

The tickets were handed him.

Francis clutched them and said:

"Come! we must hurry all the same in order to secure ourselves."

As they pressed outward through the crowd, they saw a servant in the livery of Prince Ernest pressing inward towards the ticket office. And before they had quite worked their way through they heard the man call for a whole first-class carriage.

"You see he is after the same thing. Let us hurry to the train. First come first served, you know. And there may be but one," remarked Alick.

They pressed forward to the railway platform; found a guard and showed him their tickets and—a crown piece to hurry his movements.

Guard touched his hat, opened a door and popped our party into a roomy carriage with eight comfortable seats.

"The only wholly vacant one on the train, sir, I can assure you," said the guard, pocketing his crown piece, touching his hat and closing the door.

"Ah!" whispered Alexander, rubbing his hands, "I told you so." It was such a satisfaction for him to think he had been beforehand with the unlucky Austrian, who would therefore be compelled to distribute himself and his suite promiscuously through the carriages.

He had no idea that another carriage would be attached to the train especially to accommodate Prince Ernest and his suite. Yet such was the case.

The train started. It was the express, and it went on at a tremendous rate. Houses, streets, suburbs, fields, woods, towns flew behind it.

How did our travellers pass the two or three hours of their journey? They were going down by express, for the avowed purpose of engaging in a mortal combat. It might be supposed that their time would be spent in sorely troubled thought. Will it be believed that it was passed in—sleep?

Yet so it was. Human nature must sleep. The condemned criminal sleeps the night before his execution; the victim on the rack has been known to sleep in the intervals between each turn of the screw; the agonized mother drops asleep in the interims of her travail.

Alexander was going to kill or to be killed; Francis Tredegar was going down to help him to meet either fate. Yet these, by no means hardened sinners, really slept.

Worn out by want of rest, and affected by the swift motion of the train, they slept soundly—waking up only once in a while, when the train would stop at some unusually noisy way station.

Doubtless on these wakings both would realize with a pang of recollection the horror of the business upon which they were travelling. But if so neither gave a sign. If either spoke it would be to make some common-place remark, as:

"*Ah-yah!* I do believe I have been asleep! This dancing until four o'clock in the morning does use a fellow up confoundedly," from Francis Tredegar; or:

"Quite a pretty little village this where we are stopping now," from Alexander.

But not one word of the grave matter that occupied both minds.

And as soon as the train started they would cease talking, and soon after, fall asleep again, and sleep until the next stoppage at the next noisy station.

Thus the hours passed swiftly.

At length they were waked up by a very unusual bustle and found themselves at a very unusually large station.

"This is a considerable town. I wonder what it is," said Francis Tredegar, yawning and looking out of the window.

"It is Southampton and we are at our journey's end," answered Alexander.

"Indeed! We have run down very soon."

"Not so very soon either. We slept all the way and knew little of the flight of time. It wants but twenty minutes to eleven o'clock and we have but just time to catch the boat. Where is the guard? I wish he would come and open the door and let us out. It is a confounded nuisance, this locking the carriage-doors on the outside, keeping one in a sort of flying prison," grumbled Alexander, looking from the window up and down the platform for the guard.

"It is for one's safety," said Francis Tredegar.

"Oh, bosh! as if I hadn't any right to risk my own life! It is not so precious to any one I take it."

"Well, but granting that, *other* lives may be precious to *other* people, and this rule is made for the safety of all."

As Francis Tredegar spoke the guard came up and unlocked the door, and released the prisoners.

"A quarter to eleven! Come, Francis, hurry—we have not a moment to lose if we would catch the boat," exclaimed Alexander, flying down the platform and beckoning a cab from the stand.

Francis Tredegar and Alick's valet hurried after him.

"To the St. Aubin's steamboat, as fast as you can go," was the order Alexander gave to the cabman, who stood hat in hand holding the door open.

The man closed the door upon the impatient party, mounted his seat, and started his horses.

They were driven rapidly down to the wharf, where the St. Aubin's steamer lay getting up her steam. They got out, paid the cab, and passed on into the boat.

"Five minutes to eleven—we have just saved ourselves. But that dastard has not made his appearance yet! Is it possible that he will back out at the last moment? If he does, I will post him for a coward all over Europe!" muttered Alexander, frowning.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Francis, as a carriage rattled rapidly down towards the boat.

And there he was, sure enough. It was not likely that the excitable Austrian was going to lag behind on such an adventure as this.

Prince Ernest and his suite stepped upon deck just one minute and a half before the gang-plank was withdrawn, the signal-gun fired, and the steamer started.

In passing on the deck, the adversaries met face to face. Each raised his hat with a stiff bow and passed on—Prince Ernest and his suite to the forward end of the boat, Alexander and his party to the aft. And they took good care not to meet again during the voyage.

They had a fair day for their foul deed. The sky was unusually clear, the air calm, and the sea smooth. The steamer ran at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Alexander and his party sat at the stern looking out at sea, and reading or pretending to read the morning papers served around by a newsboy who had the run of the boat.

The boat was certainly not crowded. In fact there were very few passengers on board. And among them Alexander and his party saw not a face they knew except those of Prince Ernest and his second.

At two o'clock, lunch was served in the saloon.

"Will you come down? we have had but a slight breakfast," pleaded Tredegar.

"I cannot sit at the same table with a man I am about to fight and perhaps to kill," muttered Alexander.

"Nor would he sit at the same table with you it is to be presumed. But there are probably several tables in the saloon. There goes Prince Ernest! his fire-eating propensities do not take away his appetite for milder food it seems. Let him select his table, and then let us go down and take some other," suggested Tredegar.

Alexander assented. And in a few minutes they descended to the saloon and took seats at a table as far as possible from that occupied by Prince Ernest.

The luncheon was a liberal one, as good as a dinner—with soup, fish, fowl, roast and boiled joints, pastry, cheese, and fruits. The wines were good and cheap, various and abundant.

Again, will it be credited, Alexander, firmly believing that within a few hours he must kill or be killed, still ate and drank freely at this lunch. And Tredegar followed his example. Perhaps they did it that the sated stomach might soothe the brain. At any rate, when they rose from the table, they went down to the lower deck to a spot set apart and sacred to smoking, and there they smoked out several cigars. After that they went to the cabin, turned into their respective berths, and went to sleep and slept until the ringing of the first diener-bell aroused them.

They arranged their toilettes and went into the saloon. And again they sought seats as far as possible from the table occupied by Prince Ernest.

It might have been the invigorating effects of the sea-air upon our party; but they certainly sat down and made as good a dinner at seven o'clock as if they had had no luncheon at two. After sitting an hour over their wine, they finished with each a cup of coffee, and then went up on deck.

The sun had set, but the western horizon and the sea were still suffused with his lingering crimson lights. A few stars were coming out.

Alexander and Francis Tredegar sat down in the after part of the boat, and entered into conversation, talking of anything rather than of the approaching duel.

"What time shall we reach St. Aubin's do you think?" inquired Alick.

"I have never been on this route before, so I cannot tell you of my own knowledge. From what I have been able to pick up from observations dropped by those that are more familiar with the voyage, I judge we shall be in port somewhere about midnight."

"So late in the night? that will be very inconvenient."

"Yes; but unless we could have arrived before sunset, which was clearly impossible, we could have done nothing more to-day. We must stay at the best hotel to-night, and get our little affair quietly over in the morning."

"The sooner the better," muttered Alexander.

The night was beautiful. The waters of the Channel, often so troubled, were calm as those of a placid lake. The heavens were of that deep transparent purple-black that only summer skies over summer seas ever show. Brighter than diamonds the stars shone down, creating the darkly-brilliant light so much more beautiful than moonbeams. The night was holy. How could thoughts of sin, feelings of revenge, purposes of destruction live in the soul of any man gazing out upon the divine beauty of the sky and sea?

Ah, but Alexander was morally and spiritually ill and insane. He could scarcely be said to belong to the natural world. His spirit seemed already steeped to the lips in that sea of blood seen by the poet-prophet of Italy in his vision of Hell.

How shall he be cured and saved?

And yet he was not unconscious, although he was unimpressed by the beauty of the night.

The deck was almost solitary; the passengers had gone below and turned in, many of them suffering more or less from the effects of sea-sickness; for the boat rolled a little, as small steamboats will roll even on the smoothest seas. No one was left on deck except the man at the wheel, the officers of the watch, and Alexander Lyon and Francis Tredegar.

Francis sauntered up and down the starboard gangway, smoking his cigar, which, at this hour and under these circumstances, was admissible, and meditating most probably on the "coming events" that now "cast their shadows before."

Francis had no such deep stake in the event as had Alexander, for his life was not to be risked, yet not the less was his spirit darkened within him. He, too, saw the star-spangled firmament above and the smooth sea below, reflecting it as a mirror; but he could not enjoy the vision as once he might have. The crime, the folly of which he had been tempted to become a participant was not yet consummated, but yet he felt that some portion of his own soul was already dead, or paralyzed, so that he could not feel the heavenly influence of the scene around him. How should he?

Alexander stood leaning over the bulwarks of the boat, gazing moodily out to sea. I said he was not unconscious of the divine beauty of the night, although he was untouched by it. He saw the glory of the firmament, but as something afar off, which could not reach him, and which he could not reach; but he remembered also that in happier times his spirit was touched, drawn out, elevated, by this heavenly influence. Why could it not affect him now? Why was the divine loveliness beaming down upon this natural world, so silent, cold and still for him? Why was the living spirit of the night but a dead body for him?

Alas! he knew and felt why. He was a man who had ruined his natural life, and all but ruined his immortal spirit. He had sped too fast and too far on the downward road to perdition to stop himself now. He was like one who, running rapidly down hill, has gained such an impetus that he cannot stop, though he knows that he rushes to death and hell. Alexander knew and felt that duelling was unjustifiable under any circumstances—that it was a tremendous crime—a doubly damnable crime, since it involved at once murder and suicide of body and of soul—perhaps the very worst of crimes; and yet he was bent upon committing it, even though, in doing so, he should lose both body and soul.

The night seemed endless, and the sea boundless, to this sick spirit; yet just as the watch sounded eight bells and midnight, the boat entered the picturesque harbor of St. Aubins, and soon after landed at the wharf.

There was something more than picturesque, there was something mysterious and even spiritual in the aspect of this singular little maritime town, as seen for the first time in the starlight midnight, overshadowed by its background of Noirmont Heights, and reflected with its few gleaming lights in the still waters of its quiet little harbor—St. Aubins! it is a place for a tired spirit to stop and rest in.

The hour was not yet so late but that some of the hotels were open, especially as they were expecting the arrival of the boat.

Our passengers landed. Some few carriages were waiting, probably by appointment. Prince Ernest and his suite entered one of these and drove off.

Alexander, accompanied by Francis Tredegar, and followed by his servant bearing the carpet bags, walked dreamily up into the town, and took the direction pointed out to him towards the St. Aubins hotel.

In fact, all his life now seemed something unreal, visionary, delirious as a fevered dream.

Arrived at the hotel, they first saw the empty carriage of Prince Ernest turning away from the door, and they knew as a certainty what they had before taken for granted—that their adversaries were stopping at the same house, which was far the best in the place.

They took a suit of rooms, including a private parlor and two bed chambers.

"We will have a bit of supper up here and then to work," said Francis Tredegar, touching the bell. Francis was now the only active agent in the enterprize.

The waiter answered his summons.

"Supper immediately. Anything in the world that you have handiest, with a bottle of good sherry," was Mr. Tredegar's order.

The waiter disappeared and re-appeared several times with great rapidity, in course of which evolutions he spread the table with a white cloth, and with crockeryware, cutlery and glass, and loaded it with cold ham, roast fowl, and a salad, together with the bottle of wine that had been bespoken.

Alexander and Francis sat down and ate and drank as other travellers might who had no murder on their minds. They spoke no word of the impending duel.

When supper was over and the cloth removed, Francis Tredegar turned to his principal and said:

"Now you will wish to feel well and strong to-morrow morning. You have lost a great deal of rest lately, and will require all the sleep that you can get to restore you. So you had better go to bed at once, and lie there till I call you. I will be sure to call you two hours before the time that shall be fixed for the meeting."

"And you, Francis? Will you not take some rest?"

"No, it is not so necessary for me. I must meet Zollernhoffen by appointment to settle the last—the final arrangements—such as could not possibly be settled before our arrival here."

"Well, you will call me in time?"

"Certainly."

Alexander retired to his chamber, and Francis Tredegar went out to keep his appointment on what might be called neutral ground in a room, namely, far removed from the quarters of the principal belligerents, and which the seconds had engaged for the purpose of settling the final preliminaries to the hostile meeting.

The night watch of the hotel could have told, and afterwards did tell, how these two men had shut themselves up together in a private room, where they remained from one o'clock until half-past two, when they came out together, locked the door, took the key with them, left the house, and bent their steps towards the gloomy heights of Noirmont that lay behind the town; and how at about four o'clock they returned, and separated, each going to his own apartment.

Certainly at about a quarter past four Mr. Tredegar entered Alexander's chamber, where he found his principal tossing about on the bed in a feverish and impatient manner.

"Have you slept?" inquired Francis.

"Slept? How could I? Is it time to rise?"

"Yes."

"I am very glad of it," exclaimed Alexander, jumping out of bed.

"You have rather more than two hours before you, if you have any last preparations to make," said Francis, gravely.

"I have nothing to do but shave, wash and dress."

"But—" said Francis, sadly.

"I tell you I have no other preparations to make. Having settled my worldly affairs, I have no other preparations to make. What should I have?" emphatically exclaimed Alexander.

What, indeed? How could the duellist prepare for probable death? The Christian soldier going into battle, or upon a forlorn hope, in a righteous cause, can invoke the blessing of God on his arms, and can commit his soul, for life or death, into His holy keeping. Yes, even the condemned criminal, however deeply steeped in guilt, can kneel and pray for mercy and forgiveness, for acceptance and admission into Heaven. These can prepare to meet their God.

But how can the determined duellist prepare for death? Can he pray for pardon for past sins when he is about to commit the last, the greatest, the deadliest sin of his life? No, he goes to his fatal work grimly defying man and God, death and hell.

"You have fixed upon the ground?" inquired Alexander, as he brushed his hair, calmly and carefully as for an evening party, for he had suddenly recovered all his self-possession.

"Yes; it is a small secluded spot at the foot of Noirmont Heights, to which I shall conduct you."

"And the time?"

"Six. The carriage is ordered at half-past five."

"Very well. There are but a few moments left; so much the better," said Alexander, as he finished his toilet.

When they went into their private parlor, they found hot coffee waiting them, thanks to the careful forethought of Francis Tredegar.

When they had finished their coffee the carriage was announced, and they arose.

"I have laid the train so that the coachman, and even the servants, think we are a party of geologists going to the mountain to search for geological specimens. They will take our pistol-case for a box of tools and think all right," explained Francis Tredegar, as they descended the stairs.

"Then, to complete the ruse, we must leave the cab at some short distance from the duelling ground."

"Of course. And still more to guard against suspicion and interruption, Prince Ernest and his attendants start as if for a journey, make a slight detour, and approach the place of meeting from another direction," answered Francis.

The morning was fresh and bright. The sun was, perhaps, an hour high when Alexander Lyon and Francis Tredegar entered their carriage. Simms, the valet, mounted the box and seated himself beside the coachman. And in this manner they were driven out towards Noirmont Heights.

When they arrived at the foot of the mountain, Francis Tredegar ordered the carriage to draw up.

"Give me that box of tools, Simms. We shall find some valuable specimens of sienites on the other side of the mountain," said Francis Tredegar, in a rather loud voice intended to be heard by the coachman, as the party alighted from the carriage.

"Wait for us here. We may be gone some hours, but don't leave the spot," he added, as he led the way, followed by Alexander and his servant, around a projecting rock, to a retired spot, shut off from observation by surrounding precipices.

As they entered the place at one end, Prince Ernest and his party were seen to come in at the other.

Each adversary, with his attendants, paused.

The prince was attended by his second, his surgeon, and his servant.

Alexander had only his friend and his valet.

Major Zollenhoffar and Mr. Tredegar drew out from their respective groups, and met in the centre of the ground. There, for the last time, they conferred upon the possibility of an amicable settlement of the difficulty. But the impracticability of reconciling the adversaries consisted in this—that each of the adversaries deemed *himself* the injured, insulted, outraged party, who was entitled to an humble apology from the other, or in want of that the "satisfaction of a gentleman"—which usually means an ounce of lead in his body or a fellow-creature's blood upon his soul. Each was willing to receive an apology, instead of a bullet; but neither would hear of making the slightest concession.

When the proposition was made to Alexander, he simply turned away his pallid face in cold and silent scorn.

When it was made to Prince Ernest, the excitable Austrian jumped three feet from the ground and swore that he would have "one grawnd sat-ees-fac-shee-on."

The quarrel having proved irreconcilable, the last preparations were made for the duel.

The ground was stepped off, and the foes were placed by their respective seconds at ten paces from each other—standing due north and south, with the advantage of the light equally divided between them; the insulted sun being just above the mountains due east, and shining down full upon the duelling ground. Major Zollenhoffar had the choice of the four pair of pistols provided. Francis Tredegar was to give the signals.

Having placed and armed their principals, and taken position on opposite sides of the line of fire, and about midway between them, and all being ready, Francis Tredegar looked from one to the other. He saw that Alexander Lyon was pale as death, but still as marble, steady as a statue; and that Prince Ernest was fiery red, but in other respects appeared as calm as his adversary.

But Francis Tredegar himself grew very pale as the fatal moment approached. His voice sounded hollow and unnatural, as he began:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

A dread pause and a silent assent, or an assent taken for granted.

"ONE!"

And at the signal the foes raised their pistols.

"TWO!"

They took deliberate aim.

"THREE!"

They kept them so.

"FIRE!"

They discharged their pistols and Alexander Lyon fell.

The impulsive Austrian threw down his weapon and, regardless of etiquette, ran over to raise his fallen foe.

Alexander was still alive when they raised him. There was a convulsive shuddering of the form—a nervous quivering of the face—a gasp—"Drusilla!" and all was still as death.

Prince Ernest had his grand satisfaction.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

"Like Master, like Dog."

James Hogg tells this story of his dog:—"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof that he's aye glowerin' in his master's e'en, to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the will o' his silent thought, whether it be to wear sheep or run down deer. Hector got sae like me afore he deed, that I remember when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk I used to send him to take my place in the pew, and the minister kent nae difference. Indeed he once asked me, next day, 'what I thocht o' the sermon, for he saw me wonderfully attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation.' Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look! and I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile—and he jealoused nathink, though both Hector and me were alike to split; and the dog, after laughin' in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it no longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potatoe-field, pretendin' to have scented partridges."

◆

—Life is rapid, art is slow, occasion coy, practice fallacious, and judgment partial.

EARTH'S BEATITUDES.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Would we to starry Heaven dare aspire,
Forever longing for its saintly worth?
Then let us not in folly turn away
From the beatitudes of *Earth:*

Beatitudes in father, mother, sown,—
Symbols of love from our Great Parent born,
That in the mellow evening of their lives
Shed a pure splendor on our own:

Beatitudes within the wife enshrined,
In children, like the diamond dew in flowers,
That show the angels always tend them here
As heirs at last of their own bowers:

Beatitudes in friends who, like ourselves,
Are struggling through the stormy glens of life:
From them we'll take, as well as give, true strength
To bear and conquer in the strife.

Yes, Earthly life is the arena where
We feed the soul with that pure, sacred leaven,
That when the banners of the fight are furied
Will make us fit for rainbowed Heaven.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen among the three listeners, they could scarcely have been more alarmed by it than by the assurance that Nina Gordon was actually engaged as governess to Opal, and on her way to the home in which she might work such fatal mischief.

Opal was turning over the music, happily unconscious of the effect her words had produced.

Denham had a deep-seated contempt and aversion to Nina, and he spoke in a low voice to his sister:

"What on earth can be done to prevent Opal from falling into such hands? It is incredible that so unprincipled a girl is coming hither in so responsible a capacity as that. We must warn Mr. Hastings of Miss Gordon's real character. It will never do."

"*You* shall not interfere in any way," replied Mrs. Langley, in the same tone. "It is not your place; but Godfrey shall. I will goad him on to act at once, if that should be necessary, though I scarcely think it will. Do you occupy Opal's attention while I speak with him."

She drew the half paralysed Fenton aside and asked, in a guarded tone:

"What is to be done to prevent Miss Gordon's advent here? Is it not a cruel chance that led Mr. Hastings to select her as governess to his daughter? She can do more to injure *you* than any one else, and you should at once take such steps as will effectually prevent her from entering this house."

"Yes—I fully comprehend that, and I believe I understand Nina's object in coming hither. But I will defeat her tactics, I swear I will."

"You need not be so energetic with me, sir. Go to Mr. Hastings as soon as possible, tell him what we have heard, and give him clearly to understand how unfit Miss Gordon is for the position he has engaged to place her in. How could he think of entrusting his daughter to the influence of a strange girl, of whose character and principles he is entirely ignorant. I thought he had more judgment and more affection for Opal than to do such a thing."

"I can account for it in no other way than by supposing that Mrs. Lyme, the lady who educated Miss Gordon, wrote in her praise; but she is ignorant of what we know about her. Of course I must speak to Mr. Hastings about it, but I cannot do so till after dinner. The servant is announcing it now."

"Well, after dinner is over, then. If you should need my assistance, you may refer him to me. I will readily tell all I know about her, to prevent her being brought here; and you know that what I should say would not be very creditable to Miss Gordon."

"I, think that my statement will suffice. At least it should with any father interested in the welfare of an only child."

The folding-doors between the two rooms were opened, revealing an elegantly set table, laden with every delicacy that would tempt the appetite.

The host took in Mrs. Markland and his wife. Denham had already appropriated Opal, and nothing was left for Fenton but to escort Mrs. Langley, though his mother looked annoyed that he was not the companion of the daughter of the house. But she was somewhat consoled by seeing that Opal addressed her son across the table quite as often as she spoke to the attentive cavalier at her side. The dinner proceeded as such things always do. Course after course came on—each one served with a different wine, drank from glasses of various colors and shapes. It was a very *récherché* entertainment, and was duly enjoyed by the elders of the party, though little eating or drinking was done by the others.

Opal was the life of the little company, and it was easy to see that the joyous gayety of her nature had never yet been checked in its overflowings. She was the darling of the set in which she lived, and enjoyed the immunity of a petted child who had not yet taken on herself the restraints of young lady-hood. But, amid all her sallies, the innate refinement of her nature was visible. There was nothing of the hoyden in her mirth, and in his poetic soul Denham likened it to the ripple of musical waters on which the sun of summer shone.

That Nina Gordon, with her worldly tact, her manœuvring wiles, should come to tarnish the sweet purity of this human lily, was an odious thought to him, and he heard with intense satisfaction Mrs. Langley's whispered assurance that all would be made right.

The gentlemen did not linger over their wine after the ladies left them. Even if they had wished to do so, the parting words of Mrs. Hastings to her husband would have prevented it; but they did not. Denham seldom drank at all, and Fenton had taken more wine at table than he often did; he was nerving himself in this way for the interview he dreaded after dinner was over.

As the party arose from the table, Mrs. Hastings said, with some asperity in her tones:

"You have taken as much wine as is good for you, William, and I insist that you shall not tempt our young friends to follow your evil habit of sitting over the bottle. You had all better come with us into the drawing-room, where we will have a game of eucre. Mrs. Markland likes to play, and so do I."

Her husband flushed slightly, but he bowed with his courtly air, and said:

"Of course, my dear. When you utter your mandates I know that I have only to obey. These lads are not fond of intoxicating beverages, and I am glad of it; I am sure that I would be the last man to tempt them to press the flowing bowl to their lips."

"Come, then; coffee will be served in the drawing-room, and we can make up our game at once. *You* need not join us immediately if you must have your cigar."

"Thank you, Laura, I believe I shall prefer that to the cards; and as to the coffee, I don't care for that after drinking wine. I will go into the library and take my smoke there. Guy is a model young man, and does not smoke, but Godfrey does, and if you will allow me to monopolize him a little while, I shall be glad to enjoy a cosy chat with him."

Nothing could have suited Fenton better at that moment, so he spoke with alacrity:

"I will gladly go with you, sir, for I have something particular to say to you."

They went into the drawing-room a few moments, saw the three ladies with Denham settled at their game, with Opal looking over the players, and chattering in her pleasant, off-hand manner, not saying anything particularly wise, perhaps, but it was not the less fascinating for that, for Opal Hastings was not a girl to utter platitudes, or to bore her listeners with twaddle. What she did say was as bright and sparkling as herself, and Denham at least thought that the pearls of the Princess in the fairy tale were not more valuable than the utterances of her rosy lips.

The library was fitted up with oak and green, and it contained a well-selected collection of books in English, French and Spanish; for Mr. Hastings had spent several years in South America, and learned there the high-sounding language spoken by its inhabitants.

A fire burned upon the hearth, though a window was open which looked out toward the lawn, affording a glimpse of the placid sheet of water which lay about half way between the house and the road.

Mr. Hastings drew up two comfortable chairs, and placing his cigar-case, filled with fragrant Havanas, upon the table between them, invited Fenton to select one for himself. A servant came in almost immediately, bearing a waiter, on which stood two cups of delicate porcelain, filled with coffee so strong as to be quite black. Fenton took one of these, but Mr. Hastings said to the man:

"I shall not take coffee, John; bring me the old Bourbon that stands on the sideboard, with a couple of glasses."

The negro glided away, and presently returned with the required articles, and also a pitcher of fresh water. He placed them on the table, and at a sign from his master left the room.

"Won't you join me, Godfrey?" said the host. "I hate to drink by myself, and this clear amber is the only thing really worth imbibing. It is twenty years old, and as mild as milk."

Fenton took up the decanter and poured a small quantity in the goblet as he replied:

"Of course I will not refuse to join you, sir, though I do not often feel the need of such a stimulant as this."

Mr. Hastings sighed lightly, half filled his own glass, and said:

"I wish it was so with me, lad, but—well, it isn't. I shall never be a drunkard, but moderate indulgence has become a necessity with me. The time was, though, when youth and high spirits bore me through everything as they now bear you, and I needed no artificial means of excitement. Ah! Godfrey, I hope the day will never come to you, as it did to me, in which I felt forced to seek for consolation and renewed courage to face my destiny in this base substitute, so dreadfully misnamed the elixir of life."

Fenton listened to this outburst in much surprise. He said:

"You are the last person from whom I would have expected such words, Mr. Hastings, for I have always looked on you as the most fortunate, and one of the most contented of men."

"Fortunate!—fortunate in being the slave of a woman who could speak to me as my wife did a little while ago? Godfrey, I need some one to talk to without reserve. You are to be my son, and to you I may safely speak of the disagreeables that mingle their bitterness with the apparent prosperity of my life. I have yielded inch by inch to the woman who gave me the fortune I enjoy, until at times, I feel as if all the manhood was crushed out of me. Yes, it is so; and if it were not for my love for my daughter, I should be tempted to run away and leave my degradation behind me; but Opal chains me here, for she is the jewel of my worthless and wasted life."

His features were working with emotion, and Fenton was at a loss to know how to reply to this unexpected and most unwelcome confidence. In a constrained tone he said:

"You are excited now, my dear sir, and annoyed with what lately passed; but after soothing your nerves with a cigar, you will take a different view of affairs. We all understand Mrs. Hastings' peculiarities, and make due allowance for them. You should not take her little imperious ways so much to heart."

"Shouldn't I? That proves that you know nothing about it. If you understood what it is to be browbeaten by your own wife, and made to feel that you are only her chief slave, you would feel differently. But you will never understand that from experience; for the girl who is to be your wife is too generous and noble to humiliate the man of her choice, in spite of the evil example set before her. Besides, you will be independent of her; you will not owe to her the roof that covers you and the bread you eat."

"Nor do you, Mr. Hastings. Your services as the manager of your wife's property are worth a large sum annually; and viewing your position only in that light, you are not dependent on her. It is very painful to me to hear you speak in such a strain as this. The love that exists between Mrs. Hastings and yourself should long since have put to flight all such feelings on your part."

Mr. Hastings had drank twice since this conversation commenced, and already the strong liquor began to act upon his brain. He recklessly repeated:

"*Love!*—yes, that is the burden of the young man's song, yet I wonder how much of the real stuff is found in the world. Laura loves me in her way, I dare say; but to say the least of it, such affection is inconvenient, for it only makes her as jealous as a fury, while it never leads her to treat me with the respect due to me as her husband. As to my love for her, well—I sold myself for gold, and I've got it, so I won't complain of my bargain any more than I can help."

He lit his cigar, puffed away vigorously a few moments, waiting for Fenton to speak. Finding that he did not do so, Mr. Hastings presently said:

"You think me a fool for laying bare the skeleton in my house. Well, perhaps I am; but as you are at no very distant day to become a member of my family, I thought it as well to sketch the map of the country for you. Mrs. Hastings will subjugate you, too,—depend on that; for she is the autocrat of this house, and here you must live. I shall not give up my daughter to any man to be taken away from me. I should shoot myself if Opal wasn't near me to comfort me and make me feel that I have something yet to live for."

"It has always been understood, I believe, that your daughter is to remain in the paternal home when we are married. I offer no objection to that; but I do not think that I shall suffer myself to be ruled by Mrs. Hastings."

His host shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"I dare say you think so now, but wait and see. Opal is worth the risk anyhow; but I warn you that you will have a fierce battle to fight if you keep your own flag nailed to the masthead. I speak from experience, and *I know*."

"Perhaps we can combine our forces and rout the enemy," suggested Fenton, with a faint smile, for the prospect of submitting to a second feminine tyrant was not agreeable. He had already known enough of it under Mrs. Markland's rule, and he had more respect for her than he could ever feel for such a woman as his prospective mother-in-law.

Mr. Hastings laughed aloud at his last words.

"There is something in that. You will be on my side, at any rate, for Opal clings to me more fondly than to her mother, and of course you will be apt to take the same view of things that she does. Oh! you don't know what a sweet, loving darling she is! If you do not cherish her as the core of your hert, Godfrey, I shall look on you as the most insensible of men. But of course you will, for I am sure that you love her exclusively and devotedly."

Fenton flushed and grew pale, but he hastened to reply:

"I admire and love her more than I can express, but—but I wish to explain to you that I have taken the privilege of my years and sex to amuse myself with flirting occasionally with other girls. No serious harm was done, but I think it best to tell you now what you may hear from others who may not be friendly to me."

His companion regarded him with a surprised expression as he replied:

"How very straightforward in your dealings you must be, Godfrey. What harm to Opal's happiness could ensue from a trifling flirtation? Of course you have done as every handsome fellow like you will—accepted the flattering incense that was offered you, and for my part I can see no harm in it. I know something of the ways of my fair countrywomen with a fine-looking young Southron, who of course is always supposed to have as much money as he knows what to do with."

"I am glad that you are so much a man of the world as to take this sensible view of the case, dear sir. I will tell you the truth: I have fancied two girls since I went away—one, because she reminded me of Opal; the other, because—well, because she is such a contrast to myself I suppose, for she is dark as I am fair. But the first glimpse of my betrothed put to flight all such nonsense, and my heart returned to its old allegiance to your beautiful daughter."

"*Two* flirtations, serious affairs I suppose, in two years! Well, well, there is safety in numbers, and the third has always been considered the charmed one. I have no doubt of Opal's power to win your whole heart and keep it, so I have few misgivings on that score. I was a sad flirt myself in my youthful days, but all my sins against the sex have been punished by the she-dragon into whose hands it was my luckless fate to fall. Don't stare so, Godfrey, even if I do use such a term in speaking of my lady-wife. I feel savage this afternoon, and if I cannot talk freely with you I cannot with any one."

"You are quite safe with me, sir, and I think I can understand the state of your mind at the present moment. But the irritation under which you are suffering will pass away and things become more pleasant again. Mrs. Hastings did not intend to wound you so deeply I feel assured."

"I dare say not. She thinks that I am used to such treatment by this time, but I am not, and sometimes I feel goaded beyond endurance, as I am to-day. If Laura knew that John had brought this decanter in here at my bidding, you would see her fly into one of her tantrums. She would order it away, and end the scene by falling into hysteric spasms. Oh, I have a nice time of it, I can tell you! but, luckily for you, Mrs. Hastings' daughter doesn't resemble her in the least. *She* will never fly out in a rage, for she has at times been made too unhappy by seeing how her mother goes on."

"I am sure she will not. But if Mrs. Hastings is so jealous as you asserted just now, how are you to introduce a young lady in your house as governess to your daughter? Opal mentioned such an intention on your part to-day."

Mr. Hastings changed color, and uneasily replied:

"As to that, the young lady in question would be a companion for my daughter, and Laura will hardly be so absurd as to fancy that *I* could have any other than a fraternal feeling toward her. I must risk it, for Opal needs an instructress, especially in music, and Miss Gordon is a fine performer I am told."

"But, my dear sir, do you know any thing more than that of this young lady? Are you acquainted with the antecedents of the girl you are about to bring into such intimate companionship with Opal?"

With an air of reserve, Mr. Hastings replied:

"I know enough about her to feel satisfied that she is a suitable companion for my daughter."

Fenton hastily rejoined:

"Pardon me if I differ from you in that opinion, Mr. Hastings. *I* know a great deal about this Miss Gordon, and I assure you, on the faith of a gentleman, that she is *not* a suitable person to be placed so near Opal."

A deep purple flush crossed the face of the listener, which faded into sudden paleness, and he almost angrily asked:

"What can you know of her that is not creditable? The lady who educated her has written to me in very high terms of her manners and accomplishments."

"Mrs. Lyme is her friend, and of course she speaks well of her as far as she knows her. But are you aware that Miss Gordon left her protection and went to Newport last summer as the companion of a half-demented old lady who was wheedled by her into making a will in her favor bequeathing to her a very large estate? But unfortunately for her, she is an unrivalled mimic; she exercised her powers in that line for the amusement of some friends, making Mrs. Hawks the subject of her satire. She discovered it, added a codicil to her will cutting her off entirely; and Miss Gordon returned to New Haven to accept the offer you so unfortunately made to employ her as governess to your daughter."

The surprise with which this revelation was received seemed to be mingled with some very painful emotions on the part of Mr. Hastings. He leaned his head upon his hand a few moments, and then huskily said:

"It was very wrong in her to make sport of a person whose intentions were so kind toward her, but there was nothing criminal in it. The poor girl seems to have lost more by it than the game was worth. Who is this Mrs. Hawks? Was she a Miss Horton before she married?"

"Yes, that was her name; and it seems that some fancied resemblance to a girl she had been reared with induced her to adopt Miss Gordon as her daughter. If she had possessed common prudence or any principle, she would have inherited the whole of Mrs. Hawks' large fortune."

"Don't be too hard on her, Godfrey. I knew this lady in her younger days, and she never was a person whose likings could be relied on. The will might have been changed all the same without that provocation."

"I do not think it would, sir. Mrs. Hawks took a violent fancy to her; she was in feeble health; and I feel almost certain that the discovery of Nina's ingratitude and treachery hastened her death. She altered her will on the same night that the discovery was made, and died a few hours afterward."

Mr. Hastings hesitated a few moments, and then said:

"Ah, well, if that brilliant provision slipped through her fingers, she needs all the more the liberal salary I have offered her. It is useless to speak on this subject now; for Miss Gordon is by this time on her way to the South, and of course I cannot send her back without judging of her myself."

"I cannot see that it is necessary to receive her here," persisted Fenton. "You can pay her a quarter's salary, and let her know that you have changed your mind about employing a governess for your daughter. Pardon me, sir, for seeming to dictate to you the course you should pursue; but, indeed, Miss Gordon is not a safe person to receive into the bosom of any private family."

Again the angry flush mantled the face of the listener, and he drily said:

"But I have *not* changed my mind, and she must come to Silvermere. There is nothing in what you have told me to prejudice me greatly against her; and Opal needs some young person near her. In the heedlessness of youth and high spirits, she may have done what you so much condemn; but I will not judge her till I have seen her. If I do not approve of her, it will be time enough to arrange for her dismissal after she has been tried and found wanting."

Fenton was embarrassed as to what he should next say; for it was very evident that Mr. Hastings had made up his mind that Nina was to become a member of his family.

He finally asked:

"Do you know the history of this young lady?"

"Do you?" abruptly asked the other, fixing his clear eyes on the young man's face with an anxious, questioning gaze.

"Not much of it; but what she knows of herself has become known to me. She was educated by an uncle; and until the time came for her removal from Mrs. Lyme's school, she was led to believe from the money lavished on her that she was independent in fortune. She was then told that her education had been bestowed on her to enable her to take care of herself in the future. She accepted the situation of music teacher, and remained with Mrs. Lyme till something she liked better was offered. Miss Gordon does not even know that the name she bears rightfully belongs to her."

Mr. Hastings listened with eagerness to these details; but, when they were ended, he carelessly replied:

"My dear Godfrey, what is there in all this that reflects on that poor girl? I really think that she has shown a commendable spirit in doing what she could to maintain herself respectably. I honor her for it; and as to her family, why should I concern myself about that? It is of little consequence to me whether she is of aristocratic lineage or not. She is capable of directing the studies of Opal; she is a lady in deportment; and that is all that I can reasonably require in my daughter's governess."

"Pardon me, Mr. Hastings, but I think that one who is to be thrown into such intimate companionship with Opal should possess some fixed principles. She should be a lady in heart as in manners."

"And you would insinuate that Nina Gordon is not such a person. Is that what you mean, sir?"

The tone of his voice was almost menacing, and his light eyes flashed with anger that was incomprehensible to Fenton.

He bowed and coldly replied:

"That is precisely what I mean, Mr. Hastings. Miss Gordon is a flirt; a manœuverer; in short, a most dangerous person to bring into any family. She will prove a firebrand in yours. I have warned you, sir; and, having done my duty, I wash my hands of the consequences of such a step."

In extreme excitement Mr. Hastings now spoke:

"Then you have not told me all. There is something kept back which I must know. Speak out, Godfrey, for I am bound to interest myself in the fate of this girl. She was left to me as a sacred bequest, and I could find no other method of serving her than the one I have adopted. In God's name tell me *why* you denounce her in such terms."

His agitation became so extreme that Fenton looked at him in undisguised surprise. He could not collect himself sufficiently to reply immediately, and Mr. Hastings hoarsely went on:

"You say that she is a flirt. Has she then tried her fascinations on you? You seem to know a great deal about her, and I shall be glad if you will be frank enough to reveal to me all that can be told to her disadvantage."

After a few moment's reflection, Fenton gravely replied:

"Since you so earnestly ask it, I will do so. I became acquainted with Miss Gordon while I was in New Haven. She was then a music teacher in Mrs. Lyme's academy, and it did not occur to me that she would misinterpret the attentions I paid her. As I told you, the resemblance she bears to Opal first attracted me to her; and—I am afraid that you may think me a vain fellow, sir, but the young lady was certainly disappointed that I did not ask her to marry me. She thinks that I treated her badly; and, to tell you the whole truth, I really am apprehensive that she will be capable of making terrible mischief between Opal and myself."

Mr. Hastings drew a long breath.

"Ah! I begin to see now why you deprecate the thought of her coming hither. But, Godfrey, Nina Gordon must have given up all hope so far as you are concerned. She will find you here established on the footing of my daughter's future husband, and she will not dare to attempt to undermine you in Opal's good opinion. If I thought she would do such a thing as that, I might hesitate about bringing her to Silvermere."

"It is my opinion that Nina is capable of doing anything. I consider her a most daring and unscrupulous person."

Again that sudden flash of anger gleamed in the eyes of Mr. Hastings, and after a gloomy pause he said:

"It seems to me that you are bitterly prejudiced against this unfortunate girl. But it is too late now to make a change in my arrangements. Let what will happen, she must come for a season beneath the shelter of my roof. I must at least form my own judgment of her character, for I am bound by a solemn promise to do for her such service as lies in my power. She was, as you say, educated by an uncle. Mr. Fairlie was my most intimate friend; he—he died insolvent not long ago, leaving to me the charge of his niece; he did not wish that she should be thrown on the world with no friend to assist her.

"When I learned that Miss Gordon had been highly educated, I at once determined to offer her the position of governess to my daughter. It was all that I could do for her; and I cannot consent, even after what you have told me, to thrust away so near a relative of my dear old friend because she has some of the faults incident to her sex and age. Indeed this young girl has on me the claim of kindred blood, for Fairlie was a distant cousin of mine, and the resemblance between her and Opal is but the strange family likeness we sometimes find among persons descended from one common stock, however remote may be the tie that unites them."

Fenton was confounded by this statement. He saw himself baffled at every point, and saw clearly how hopeless the task was to induce Mr. Hastings to decline receiving Nina into his family. She would come in spite of all he could say against her—come as a connexion of the family from which he was so anxious to keep her apart; and feeling how useless his efforts were, he arose and rather stiffly said:

"I regret that I have been so very frank concerning your young relative, Mr. Hastings. If you had, at the commencement of our conversation, explained the claim she has on you, I should have been more guarded. Pardon my interference; it has done no good, and may possibly be productive of harm."

"No, Godfrey—it will not do that. What you have said shall not be repeated to any one, and you were quite right to put me on my guard. I shall inform Miss Gordon of the engagement existing between yourself and Opal, and give her to understand that any effort made to injure you in her estimation will result in her own dismissal. It is not my purpose to inform her of her relationship to myself. It would be useless, and might lead her to expect from me more than I may be willing to do for her, so you will consider that portion of our conversation as confidential."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it. With your permission, I will go now to join the ladies. I hope you will not feel annoyed with me for speaking so freely as I have of Miss Gordon."

"Annoyed?—no, no, of course not. You were bound in honor to act as you have done, but you need have no fears for Opal. I shall keep a keen watch on this young lady, and if I catch her tripping in any way I promise to send her off at once. With her mother and myself to watch over her, my precious child can be in no real danger from any influence Miss Gordon can exercise over her."

"I hope not, but I cannot help shrinking from the thought of the ordeal she is about to pass through. But I will say no more, for I am afraid that I have already said too much."

The door closed on him, and Mr. Hastings bowed his head upon his hands in deep and painful thought. He sighed heavily more than once, and at length muttered:

"What a charge! what a responsibility! But I cannot—I dare not evade it. Having done so much, I must do more; and after all, the poor thing may have been 'more sinned against than sinning.'"

He straitened himself, poured out glass after glass of the fiery liquid that stood so temptingly near him, and he was certainly soon in a condition to justify his wife's anxiety on the subject of his potations. He was not intoxicated—for it would have taken a great deal more to bring him to that condition; but his eyes were glassy and his brain confused, though he could still move about with perfect steadiness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Fenton had sought the drawing-room, where he found the game broken up and Guy and Opal talking together in a recess of a window with great animation.

His mother and Mrs. Hastings had gone into the conservatory to look at some rare cactus plants, and Mrs. Langley was lounging on a sofa reading a magazine.

Fenton glanced with displeased surprise at the two who seemed so completely occupied with each other as to be oblivious of his own entrance, and he would have crossed over to interrupt their tête-à-tête had not Mrs. Langley intercepted him by saying:

"Come and sit beside me, Godfrey. I must hear what you have to tell me about that girl. I was so much occupied in thinking of her and her possible advent here, that I could not give my attention to the cards. Your mother got offended at my random plays and refused to continue the game. It was exactly what I wanted, for now I can have you a moment to myself. Be quick in telling me what has passed between you and Mr. Hastings, for we may be interrupted at any moment."

Fenton had no resource but to obey the summons, and he sunk down on the sofa beside her with a pang of jealous rage convulsing his heart, which went far toward convincing him that he was already in love with Opal Hastings.

Mrs. Langley looked into his face and misinterpreting its expression, asked in alarm:

"Have you failed? But that is impossible. Tell me in a word that Miss Gordon is not to come hither."

"But that would not be true; she *is* to come, and neither you nor I can prevent it. I found Mr. Hastings immovable on that point."

"It is incredible! Did you tell him all that we know about her?"

"Yes, I told him all I know, and it is much more than you are aware of; but it did not avail. It seems that Miss Gordon's uncle—for such a person was lately really in existence—left her as a sort of ward to Mr. Hastings, who was his intimate friend. He feels bound to receive her at Silvermere and treat her as such."

"Who *was* her uncle? and how is it that this story has been kept so long in the dark? Where did this uncle live—what was his name?"

"I did not inquire into his place of residence; his name was Fairlie, and that is all I know about him."

"I will speak to Mr. Hastings myself. It is shameful that he will persist in bringing Nina Gordon into his house in the face of such evidence against her as must have convinced him that she is neither a good nor a true woman."

Fenton arrested her as she attempted to rise and gravely said:

"It will be useless to do so, Anna, and I am convinced that any interference on your part will only annoy him—possibly make him angry. The mind of Mr. Hastings is irrevocably made up as to the necessity of receiving Miss Gordon in his house."

"Then what are we to do?" she excitedly asked.

He shrugged his shoulders:

"Nothing, I should say. What *can* we do but acquiesce in the decision of the master of the house? But he has promised to be on the *qui vive* with regard to the artful creature, and with the first evidence of lack of principle on her part to send her away."

"Catch her giving such evidence! She is far too deep for that. I declare I am almost tempted to set his wife on him by making her jealous beforehand. She would at once put her veto on the coming of the girl at all, and you know she is lady absolute here."

"I entreat that you will not attempt that. Mr. Hastings is already in a state of great irritation against his wife, and so strongly is his heart set on bringing Nina here, that any opposition from her may produce worse consequences than you dream of."

Mrs. Langley regarded him with a look of alarm.

"Has he been talking with you about the way she treats him? I often wonder that he bears it as well as he does; but he is too much of a gentleman to make a scene when she speaks to him as she did to-day about the wine."

"It was that which threw him into such a state of excitement as to render him quite unmanageable about Nina. He was determined not to be thwarted twice in the same day."

"Then perhaps when he is calmer he may be willing to listen to what I have to say."

"I most earnestly advise you to say nothing on the subject. It would do no good, and might produce ill-feeling between yourself and Mr. Hastings. He thinks that Miss Gordon has claims on him that cannot be set aside, and you know him well enough to understand that he is the last man to disregard them. All we can do is to put Opal on her guard against the fair serpent that is coming to invade her paradise; for, in spite of the scenes her mother occasionally gets up, I think she is very happy in her home."

"Yes—Opal has a bright, strong spirit, and a young creature like her casts trouble off, hoping for the best, Godfrey. I trust that you are not seriously thinking of receding from the promise you gave me at Newport. You surely will not break with Miss Lopez after all your pledges to her, and remain here to interfere with Guy? I think that Opal likes him. She will be safe and happy with such a man as he is, and I really cannot believe that you care for her as a man should for the girl he asks to become his wife."

Fenton set his teeth hard, and, after a pause, defiantly replied:

"I have decided to maintain my right to the hand of my betrothed, and I shall not submit to any remonstrance from either yourself or your brother. A union with Inez is impossible. My mother will not even hear her name mentioned with patience. She will never consent to receive her as a daughter, so nothing is left me but to accept the bride so long intended for me. Let me further say, that since I have seen Opal I can only wonder at the infatuation that led me to prefer another to her. I love her already, and very soon I shall adore her. She was such a child when I parted from her that I could not understand my feelings for her, but I do now, and I assure you that my heart as well as my interests are bound up in a union with her."

Even in so fickle a man as Godfrey Fenton Mrs. Langley could scarcely understand so sudden a revolution of feeling. She gazed at him a few moments in speechless surprise, but then found voice to say, in an indignant tone:

"Then you are the most false and perjured of men. You think only of yourself; and after leading that poor girl to believe that you were devoted to her alone, you will leave her to break her heart over your desertion. It is incredible that *you*, Godfrey Fenton, can play so base and cruel a part toward the woman you professed to love."

Fenton flushed angrily, but he calmly replied:

"It would be far more cruel to bring her to poverty, as I certainly should do it I married her. My mother delcares that she will cut me off without a dollar from her if I unite myself with Inez. She would give the money she has hoarded for me to Guy, and he would be the winner in every way, if I were simple enough to sacrifice my best interests to a scruple of honor. When you remember how your brother and myself are situated, you will not dare to use such influence as you may possess to break off my marriage with Opal. You could not clear yourself from the imputation of mercenary motives, for every one would believe that in acting thus, you were actuated by the desire to secure for Guy what will only be given to me as the husband of Opal Hastings."

Mrs. Langley was enraged. With flashing eyes, she said:

"This is plain speaking, indeed, and it is what I did not think *you* would dare to say to me. You know that my brother is incapable of building his prosperity on the ruins of yours. He has a morbid sense of honor, and, loving Opal as he does, he would sooner die of disappointed hope than win her otherwise than honorably and fairly. No one is more fully aware of this than you are, Godfrey Fenton."

He mockingly replied:

"Men that have any stamina in them do not die of such things, Mrs. Langley. Guy will survive my marriage with his idol, and in time find some one to place upon the vacant pedestal. I wish you to understand that it is a settled thing, and I am seriously thinking of hurrying it on now that my fair enemy is making ready to appear on the scene. Opal is a woman in development, and to the accomplishments she wishes to perfect I am indifferent. She is lovely and attractive enough in herself without such brilliant tinsels. I tell you this, madam, that you may warn your brother that he is not to carry on such lover-like conversations with my betrothed as is now in progress on the other side of the room. I do not wish to have any difficulty with Guy, so I leave it to your tact to keep the peace between us."

Fenton arose as he ceased speaking, and crossing the room, broke up the tete-a-tete that was so displeasing to him by asking Opal if she would now sing for him.

She moved at once toward the piano, followed by Denham. She sang "Annie Laurie" with much sweetness and expression, and once she glanced up in his face with a smile so soft and eyes beaming with such tender interest that he felt almost assured she loved him. Fenton intercepted the look, and he felt as if he could have struck his rival down where he stood, so rapidly had grown his desire to snatch her from him and secure her for himself.

The two elder ladies came in; and when Mrs. Hastings saw Fenton, she hurriedly asked:

"Where is Mr. Hastings? Did you leave him alone in the library, Godfrey?"

"I believe he is still there, Mrs. Hastings; but he will doubtless join us immediately."

The black waiter had just come in to inform Mrs. Markland that her carriage was at the door. His mistress sharply said:

"Call your master, John, and tell him that Mrs. Markland is about to leave. But, no—stop where you are. I will go to him myself. It is very strange that he should hold himself aloof from his guests so long!"

With a quick, determined step she hastened from the room, crossed the hall, and entered the library. Mr. Hastings was still there, with his flushed face buried in his hands and an air of weariness diffused over his whole person. Her eyes fell on the half-emptied decanter; and in a voice of concentrated anger, she said:

"So you retired here to evade me, and have been bringing yourself below the level of a man by swallowing that odious poison. Mr. Hastings, have you no shame in you that you desert your guests to indulge in your besetting sin?"

His hands dropped on the table, and he regarded her with a stare of dull bewilderment that was pitiable and painful to behold. He drearily said:

"Laura—Mrs. Hastings, I—I only wish that you would attend to your own concerns, and let me alone. You—you badger me to death. I have no peace—no rest, and God only knows how much I need it!"

"I must let you alone to find peace in muddling your brains with intoxicating liquors, I suppose. If that is what you ask, you will not get it from me, I can tell you. Get up, and come with me to bid Mrs. Markland good-bye, if you can stand straight on your feet. This is too much! The first day of Godfrey's return, too, and you could not refrain! If I had dreamed that you would order whiskey in here, after what I said to you at dinner, I should have come in to look after you myself."

"This is my house, I believe, madam," he said, with an effort to be dignified, "and—and it is not fitting that a wife should interfere with her husband's pleasures as you do with mine. God knows that I have few enough left me."

She regarded him with an expression of supreme contempt and tauntingly replied:

"*Your* house, indeed! I suppose it is, as long as I permit you to be master of it, but if you go on in this way, that will not be very long. I am disgusted and worn out with such shameful self-indulgence. I should not wonder if you have *mania à potu* next, and when it comes to *that* I will take my daughter with me and leave you to die as you will deserve, alone and uncared for."

"You have threatened me with that before to-day, madam, but I defy you to take my child from me. The law gives her to me, and her affection for me will induce her to cling to me in preference to you."

"A fig for the law! *I* don't care for it, and I would take Opal from you or die in the struggle. She should never remain with a father who daily proves his incompetency to take care of himself. Get up, if you can, and come out with me, for Mrs. Markland will be offended if you are not on hand to help her in her carriage."

"Of course I shall get up, and walk as straight as you can. I am not intoxicated. I have only taken enough stimulant to brace my nerves, and there is no occasion for all this nonsense."

He arose steadily enough, and Mrs. Hastings laid her hand on her heart and cried out:

"I shall be ill; I feel it coming on me now. You know in what a state you always throw me by acting thus, yet you *will* persist in your debasing habits. I must summon all my strength to keep up appearances till our guests are gone, but then I shall sink down, crushed by the burden you lay on me."

He looked at her with his unsteady eyes, and moving with extreme deliberation toward the door, said:

"Come on then, Laura, and keep up appearances. *That* is all you care about in this world. I am right enough to do all that is necessary for that, and you can bottle up your wrath till those people are gone. We need not exhibit to them the phantom that invades our domestic privacy."

He threw the door open and found his guests in the hall, the ladies with their wrappings on ready to take leave.

Opal cast an anxious glance at her parents, and with a painful pang understood what had occurred, anticipating with dread the scene that was sure to follow the departure of their friends.

Adieux were uttered, and with extreme gravity and courtesy, Mr. Hastings assisted Mrs. Markland to step into her carriage, after accepting an invitation to spend the following day at her house.

Mrs. Langley and her brother had rode over on horseback, and they were soon cantering away beneath the shadows of the trees, without having extended to them from their august aunt anything more than a general invitation to call at Magnolia when they felt inclined to do so.

The carriage of Mrs. Markland more slowly followed, and it was no sooner beyond hearing than Mrs. Hastings uttered a piercing cry, and fell on a sofa in strong hysteric spasms. Her shrieks filled the house, and it was with some difficulty that she was at last borne to her own apartment, undressed, and placed in bed.

Opal remained with her, administering such sedatives as she was accustomed to use in similar attacks, till her mother sunk to sleep beneath their influence.

It was a sad ending to so unpleasant a day as the past one had been to her, but she was young, sanguine, and accustomed to such scenes, so she did not take them greatly to heart. She loved and trusted her father, in spite of his weakness, and she wished that her mother could only be made more reasonable when he overstepped the temperate limits to which she was so anxious to confine him. Nearly every gentleman Opal knew drank more or less, then why should their home be turned into a pandemonium, because its master occasionally indulged in his potations a little too freely?

Opal had never seen her father intoxicated in her life; he was never so far beside himself as not to be courteous and kind in his manners and language, and she was far from unwilling to set herself up in judgment against the parent she loved with her whole heart, and reverenced in spite of his failing.

She went to him when she was free to do so, and with her caresses consoled him for her mother's outbreak; and the self-condemned and unhappy man felt that while she was left to brighten his home, it would never become so odious to him as he had that day told Godfrey Fenton it might.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO SEE THE FIREWORKS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Maggie was pretty, and knew it. She was only kitchen girl at old Squire Ridgeways; but she knew it just as well as though she had been the Empress Eugenie. She knew others thought so too with equal certainty, and was particularly sure of the admiration of one Dick Hooper, who had kept company with her for a year. She was, as she said, "all the same as engaged" to Dick; but that did not prevent her from coquetting with the rest of her admirers.

Cook was always finding fault with Maggie; and on one particular Monday evening she was more severe than usual on the score of a certain individual who had essayed a flirtation with the girl, and who had not been rebuffed.

"When I was a gal, keepin' company with a young man meant keepin' company with him," said cook, "and we turned our back on other fellows. There's that puppy been staring at you for half an hour, and you've been staring back."

"So long as it's not *you* he stares at, you needn't fidget."

"*Me?* I'd like to see him," said cook. "But I'll tell ye one thing, Maggie Wells,—ef I was Dick Hooper I'd not put up with it. I'd leave ye to yer deserts."

"Dick Hooper!" cried Maggie, with the toss that offended cook, "let him go if he likes. As good fish in the sea as ever were caught out of it, I guess."

And then she looked out of the window again to see her new admirer kiss his hand and vanish.

Perhaps, if cook had said nothing, Maggie might have forgotten the fascinating stranger, despite his plaid vest, and big rings, and wonderful cravat; for she really did like Dick better than any other living thing, and had made up her mind to "set the day" whenever he should ask her; but she "was not be put down by that old thing," she declared, and her desire to assert her power over hearts in general, and Dick Hooper's heart in particular, grew very strong within her.

Therefore, when on succeeding days the new admirer appeared after dusk near the area, or met her at the grocery corner when she was sent of an errand, she encouraged him to the best of her ability; and at last, to cook's great wrath, had him in the area itself,—"as if," said cook, "*he* was keeping company."

By this time, indeed, Maggie's head was quite turned. She felt that her conquest was one to be proud of.

No working man with rough hands was this, but, as Maggie said, "a gentleman." His hands were white, and his dress fashionable, and all the better to Maggie for being so extremely gay; and poor Dick by degrees came to be quite a commonish person in her eyes. To be sure, she liked him yet, but her wonderful conquest blinded her.

When cook was at meeting, where she went twice a week besides Sundays—evenings being her own—Maggie's new admirer was to be found in the kitchen.

It was a busy time with Dick, who could only come once a week, and Maggie artfully kept the two apart.

But though her flirtation was successful, she felt nervous as the fourth of July approached, for that was a grand holiday to all, and if both admirers should desire her company to see the fireworks, what should she do?

Dick had a certain prior right; but then it would be charming to be seen by everybody—the Browns' housemaid and the Smiths' laundress and the whole world of domestics—beau-ed about, if it were only for once, by such a splendid fellow as this new conquest of hers. She could make some excuse to Dick—he was very good-natured—and manage to go with Edgar. Why his very name was in his favor—proved him a gentleman—Edgar Montmorency.

Already crackers were snapping in the streets and impatient blue-lights illuminating the sky, and the placards setting forth the merits of new fireworks, and candles dangled in the windows of the shops, and mysterious structures of white wood, with spikes stuck in them, graced broad corners and squares and parks, and two little boys had blown their thumbs off, and one little girl been set on fire—when Dick, graver than usual, came over to see Maggie at an early hour of the evening, which he usually spent with her, and seemed, as the girl thought, to have something on his mind.

"I meant to have asked you to see the fireworks to-morrow," he said; "but something has happened to hinder me. From what I've heard you're maybe going with somebody else. I wish you wouldn't, Maggie."

Maggie pouted.

"Oh," said she, "because *you* can't take me I'm to stay at home."

"I wanted to ask you," said Dick, in a hesitating way, "whether you wouldn't go to my mother's and spend the evening. She'd make it pleasant, and I'd be home in time to see you back."

Maggie laughed.

"I shall spend the time somehow, no doubt," she said; "and if you don't care to take me to the show, it's fair others should."

And all Dick's pleading was of no avail. Go to his mother's and hear her old stories and drink her wishy-washy tea, when she could walk out with Edgar Montmorency, and have ice cream and see the fireworks, and be envied by all? Not she.

She did not say so, but she determined that she would not be ruled. So Dick was low-spirited when he went away, and all the next day Maggie dreamt of the evening's triumph.

Edgar Montmorency did come for her when the July evening was closing in, and the pavements were hot with crackers, and the streets noisy with tipsy shouts and the air redolent of gunpowder.

The family, only two old people and their daughter, were out of town, and cook had gone to her friends. And Maggie put the key of the basement in her pocket when she went out in all the pride of her finery and her elegant beau.

"Let me have it, Maggie," said Mr. Montmorency, holding out his hand; "I'll keep it for you—a lady's pocket isn't safe in a crowd, and then it's heavy."

So Maggie, feeling that her escort was indeed attentive, yielded the key to him, and then he offered his arm and they pushed their way through the streets and past the tipsy men and boys, and through the gunpowder smell and snapping crackers and torpedoes, and families bound for the firework show, and came at last to a great platform, on which Edgar had procured seats.

Precarious ones they were, and not comfortable. But there stood Mrs. Brown's housemaid and Mrs. Smith's laundress in the street below, with no seat at all, and Maggie was proud of her elevation. Her beau took his place beside her, and the display began.

There were stars, and wheels, and crosses, and eagles, and Washington, and Liberty, and all the rest of it. And just as Liberty was vanishing in a blue fizzle, Maggie's escort whispered:

"I see a man I know, my dear, down in the crowd. I want to speak to him. Keep my seat."

And then he made use of his long legs in clambering over the benches, and was gone.

Maggie sat still, of course, and saw other wonderful representations, and uttered oh's! and oh's!! with the rest; and the time passed quickly, and it was only when it was all over that she began to feel that Edgar Montmorency had been gone too long. The platform was deserted. People were hurrying home. Lights were extinguished in the windows. The drunken men were worse than ever, and he had not come. She must wait for him, too, for he had the key in his pocket.

So Maggie waited, and her heart sank, and she grew frightened; and then a policeman called to her, asking why she staid up there alone; and she came down, and stood in the street alone, hardly knowing the way home, and trembling with terror; and somehow a consciousness that Dick would not have used her so dawned upon her, and she began to cry.

And just then two hands caught her two arms, and beside her stood Cook and Dick's mother.

"Poor critter," said Dick's mother.

"You've brought it on yourself, but I'm sorry," said the cook. "Come, you're safe with us. We've been watchin' you half an hour; and if you want to see what is happening at home you'd better come."

"Dick sent us," said the old mother. "He wanted you to come to my house and save you this, you know."

And Maggie, dreading she hardly knew what, hurried along the street between the two old women.

The fireworks had faded into disagreeable smells. Dead crackers lay upon the pavements. A few delinquents were being escorted to station houses.

From one or two taverns the sounds of loud voices and music still came forth upon the night air; but the streets were, as a general thing, so quiet that Maggie was very much astonished to see a crowd about the doors of her master's house, which was all ablaze with light, and stood still in terror.

"Jest in time to see the end of him," said the cook. "Now you'll see who you preferred to honest Dick Hooper."

And there, in the midst of a little band of stalwart policemen, Maggie saw three men handcuffed and bearing marks of a desperate struggle about their persons. Two were hideous ruffians enough; but the third was her own adorable, elegant, Edgar Montmorency.

Maggie screamed. She was mortified and terrified. The truth began to dawn upon her.

"'Twas a plan from the first," said Cook. "Dick found it out. He made love to you to get the key, and he left you to bring his fellows here. Little you knew when he asked you about master's plate and where he kept his money what he wanted, but *I* guessed and so did Dick, and we've told master—so it's all right now. But only for friends you might have been suspected of helping him.

"The going away was all pretence. Master and Dick hid me in the house, and me and this old lady watched you; and, considering all, this is a happy end to it. We'd ought be thankful."

And probably Maggie was, though her shame was very great.

She scarcely dared to speak to Dick, but he spoke to her in the kindest way and shook hands with her in parting. And he never said anything on the sore subject of her flirtation or hurt her feelings in any way, as she often declared afterward.

So that when he said, "Maggie, your master has taken it into his head that I did him good service on the fourth, and has made me a present; and, as it's enough to furnish our little home with and give us the start I've wanted so long, I thought I'd ask you what the day should be."

Maggie blushed, and smiled, and made an answer that pleased him. And they were married in a week or two, and are—cook declares, for cook told me this story—the happiest people under the sun!

* * *

—One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

A VISION BY THE NILE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

With sealed lips and sightless eyes,
And pulses that forgot to beat
When Time was young, dead Isis lies,
The dust of empires at her feet..
Still, in her temples dim and vast,
The mummy-gods of Egypt bide—
The dread stone-legends of her past—
Mute histories of her fallen pride!

Scourged by the simoom's fiery breath,
Yet wears her Sphynx, sublime and lone,
The frozen, awful mask of Death—
A still eternity of stone.
The wild tides of the shifting sands
Above her gray pedestal crawl,
And slowly round her hidden hands
Build up an ever-toppling wall!

Straight on, her sad, unseeing eyes
Gaze ever: in her swerveless glance
Strange grief—whose brooding shadow lies
Untouched by change, unscathed by chance,
As if, through mouldering centuries—
Behind her tragic countenance—
Phantoms of awful memories
Strove with the marble of her trance!

Thus ever Truth with Error strives,
And wins a thousand victories,
But symbolled Error yet survives
To mock her own gray fallacies—
Till, of her hydra-headed power
Her empty crowns alone remain,
While Knowledge thrives in fruit and flower,
On the dark ruins of her reign!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!"

It was fortunate for both Fiddy Cummings and myself that we were naturally of light and buoyant dispositions. Had it not been so, we should have suffered continually; for we had every reason to believe that we should be called upon to fight the French before we could possibly make our escape. Had it been a Yankee man-of-war, and had we been cruising in search of an Englishman of our own weight of metal, I believe I should have been happy; but between the position of him who has volunteered to fight for his country, and of him who has been impressed to fight where he has no interest, there is an immeasurable difference. But I will not dwell upon that now. I had resolved that if the trial came, I would stand up to my work without flinching, leaving the ultimate responsibility with those who had forced it upon me.

When the crew were called to quarters for practice I was stationed at one of the forward guns with a handspike, my duty being to raise the gun for the captain thereof to set the quoin, and also to assist in heaving the carriage for the purpose of changing the range of the piece laterally. I belonged to the first division of boarders, and a cutlass and a pair of pistols had been given me to keep in order. There was a peculiar charm in the mimic battles we fought, and I often entered into it with a zest almost equal to that which would be required for the real work. At the gun I handled my handspike as though the value of a solid shot depended upon the proper elevation; and when called to "repel boarders," I grasped my pike and jumped to the bulwarks as though I saw a score of savage foes just coming in over the hammock-nettings; and then when the order came,—"*First division of boarders away!*" I grasped my cutlass, and started for the imaginary deck of the foeman with hot zeal.

One day, as I stood in the lee gangway, thinking of home, and wondering if I should ever leave that ship alive, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and upon turning I stood face to face with the captain.

"Burton," said he, in a pleasant way, "I am glad to hear so good an account of you. Mr. McGregor tells me that you are one of the best men in his division. Keep on, my boy,—keep on, and you shall have reason to be proud of the result. A true man never goes without his reward under George Trevelyan."

Let it be remembered that I was but a boy in years, though a man in strength. This trifling passage changed the whole current of my thoughts for the time, and I found myself determined to deserve Captain Trevelyan's good opinion.

And I may say here that I had not only won the good opinion of the officers, but that with the men I was on the best of terms. Jack Miller pronounced me one of the best men he had on the foretopsail-yard, and the men of my watch all liked me. In short, I was a sort of pet with the foretopmen, and I'll tell you why: I had come to spin yarns for them. My first attempt was at relating a story of Jo. Long's. After that I told them a story which my mother once told to me.

I did not know how much of the gift of story-telling I had until I tried, and when I had committed myself by spinning a few of those off-hand yarns, I had work enough upon my hands; but I liked to do it, and the result was that I became a favorite with my watch.

On the 15th of September, we arrived at St. Helena, where we cast anchor in the harbor of Jamestown, on the north-western coast of the island.

Capt. Trevelyan went on shore and spent the night with the governor; and when he came on board in the morning he directed the first-lieutenant to make preparations for getting under way at once. Shortly afterwards, and while the crew were heaving up the anchor, a bumboat came off with a lot of fresh provision which the steward had procured for the officers' messes; and by the time that had been taken aboard, the anchor was up and sail was being made. The topsails were sheeted home and the yards mastheaded, the courses set, the top-gallant sails given to the breeze, the royals spread, the staysail sheets hauled aft, the starboard studding-sails put on; and then came the boatswain's welcome pipe to grog.

I believe I have said nothing before about the "grog-tub." Suffice it for me to say now that each man was allowed a half pint of pure spirit per day, generally old Jamaica rum; and those who did not choose to draw the spirit ration received the value thereof in money. I did not draw my grog, simply because I did not like it.

But most of the crew of the *Bristol* took their grog, served out three times a day; and on the present occasion as soon as the grog had been drank, the pipe to breakfast was sounded. When I went down I saw the captain standing upon the poop with his officers, and he seemed to be telling them something that interested them. I had got my breakfast half eaten when Billy Null, the old quartermaster, came down and electrified the eaters by shouting:

"Avast, there! I'll give ye a bit o' spice for yer coffee! There's work ahead, my boys. We're on the track of a *Johnny Crapoo*, with two merchantmen under convoy."

A score of voices demanded to know what kind of a ship the Frenchman was.

"A sloop-o-war," replied the quartermaster, "bound for some port in the Bay o' Biscay. She's got two lumberin' Indiamen under her quarter, an' we can't miss her. Where's Tom Harrison? Hallo! what d'ye say now to Mister Dorick's takin' his prize into port?"

"I can tell better when I see her with my own eyes," returned the matter-of-fact after-guardsman.

Billy did not stop to argue the matter. He had stepped up to hear what the captain had to tell to the officers, and now he had to hurry with his breakfast.

Ere long, after the mess-cloths had been rolled up and stowed away, we were in full possession of the news. Charley Trevelyan, a middy and son of the captain, told the story to us foretopmen. Only the day before we reached Jamestown, a fisherman had come in with information that he had spoken a French corvette on the previous day, and had supplied her officers with fresh fish. She was of the first class, carrying twenty guns, and had two richly-laden merchant ships under convoy. The merchantmen had been under studding-sails, but the corvette could not carry them, nor did she have her royals set, showing plainly that she was forced to carry short sail in order to hold her charges in sight. She had been standing about north-north-west, and had of course been bound for the Bay of Biscay, as she would not think of venturing to run by Gibraltar.

I cannot tell how I felt at that time. The chances were as five to one, at least, that we should overhaul the Frenchman; and if it proved to be a ship of twenty guns, full-manned, the engagement might be a sharp one. There were other impressed men on board the ship, but we were the only Americans—we were the only ones, Fiddy and I, who had no national interest in the matter. It was a peculiar situation, without a pleasant feature. Said I to Fiddy:

"What do you think of it?"

And he answered:

"I aint a goin' to think about it at all. If it's got to come, let it come; and when it comes I'll try and meet it like a man."

Where could I have found better advice? I took my companion by the hand, and we agreed to stand by each other, let come what would.

This was September 16th, and it came on Monday. Of course we had the South-east Trade-Wind, so all we had to do was to press on all the sail that would draw, and hold our course. An officer was stationed in the fore-top with a glass during the day, and at night a sharp look-out was kept from all quarters.

The forenoon of September twenty-third, the hoarse call of the boatswain's mate, summoning the starboard watch, was interrupted by the electrifying shout of:

"SAIL-HO!"

"*Where away?*" demanded the officer of the deck, springing to the waist, for the announcement had come from the fore-top.

"About three points on the larboard bow, sir!"

It was old Phil. Dryden who had made the report—the captain of the fore-top of the larboard watch; and he had discovered the sail; but it was quickly whispered, and generally believed, that the little Middy, Charles Trevelyan, had seen it first, and directed Phil. to look, as the captain had spurred our attention by saying that the man who first reported the chase should have a prize of five guineas. But that made no odds.

Capt. Trevelyan himself hurried up into the top, and when he had seen the sail he directed that the ship should be kept away a couple of points to the westward, which movement gave us the wind very near astern.

The starboard watch was now on. Jack Miller relieved Phil. Dryden, and my station for the first two hours was in the top. Mr. Dorick had come up to keep the glass upon the distant sail, and he gave me the privilege of looking through it. When I had passed the glass back I found that I could see the sail about as well with the naked eye as I had seen it through the telescope, and the fancy struck me that if I went further aloft, seeing that my eyes were of the best quality, so far as range of vision was concerned, I might discover something more. And I was not disappointed. I had not been upon my perch five minutes before I plainly distinguished a second sail directly ahead of the first, and it had been in such a position that the first had concealed it from us.

"SAIL-HO!" I shouted, with all my might.

And amid the commotion on deck, the lieutenant of the watch demanded:

"*Where away?*"

"Just on the larboard bow, sir, and right ahead of the other."

Presently Mr. Dorick discovered it with his glass, and so reported.

Of course, if these were two of the sails of which we were in pursuit, there must be a third, and I wondered if she might not be concealed as the second one had been.

Ha! how my heart leaped as I saw, breaking out from the line, another white speck upon the distant horizon, more palpable than either of the others. I made sure that my eyes did not deceive me, and then I sent forth the cry for the second time from my lofty perch:

"SAIL-HO!"

"*Where away?*"

"Right ahead of the others, sir, and a more lofty sail."

"Mast-head ahoy!" called Dorick to me."

"Aye! aye!" I answered.

"Can you use a glass up there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then stand by and take this."

Jack Miller brought it up to me, and having requested Mr. Dorick to have the fore-topgallant lifts and braces set taught, I prepared to brace myself. In a few moments the lifts and braces were taughtened so that the yard was steady, and then I levelled the glass. Ah! I could see the three sails very plainly, and I knew that the last one discovered was the heaviest craft—probably the corvette—while the other two were the merchantmen. I made sure of all this, and when I had reported the result of my investigations there was wild enthusiasm on deck. That we had discovered our chase there could be no doubt, and that we could easily overhaul it was full as apparent.

I remained upon my elevated perch a full hour with the glass, and at the end of that time I was able to state positively that there were three ships ahead, and that the foremost one was more lofty than the others. When I came down Capt. Trevelyan was the first to greet me.

"Well, my boy, you think it's the Frenchman, don't you?"

I told him I did.

"We must be overhauling them?" he said, queryingly.

"At the rate of more than two knots an hour," I answered.

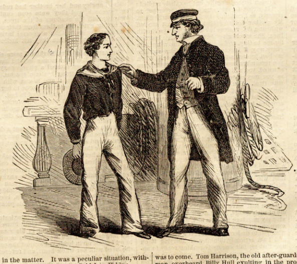
"And how far away are they now?"

I thought he asked the question more to test my judgment than to gain information; but I answered him soberly:

"Not more than twelve miles, sir."

It was now not much past ten o'clock. If we had ordinary fortune we should overhaul them by four o'clock in the afternoon, and perhaps before.

By this time all three of the sails were visible to the naked eye from the deck, and the excitement was intense. Officers and men paced to and fro, praying for wind, seeming to forget that a fresher breeze would blow as well for the chase as for the chaser. Noon came and we eat our dinners; and as we sat we talked of what was to come. Tom Harrison, the old after-guardsman, overheard Billy Hull exulting in the prospect of a battle, and he dashed a cooling phrase into the mess by remarking that when the pipe to supper came there mightn't be so many to answer it; but this did not damp the ardor of the crew; or, at all events, if there were those who felt a little squeamish in the reflection that they might be lying stark and dead before the pipe to supper came, they did not show it. It was not time yet for pale and trembling lips. There was too much excitement in the chase.



At two o'clock in the afternoon, the men standing upon the topgallant-forecastle could see the heads of the courses of the foremost ship of the chase; and that she was a corvette there could be no doubt. At half-past two we could see her tacks; and at three o'clock the passed-midshipman in the fore-top could count her ports. She was a heavy sloop-of-war, carrying twenty guns, and upon her quarters were two heavy merchant ships.

At half-past three the war-ship ran up a set of signals at her peak, at the same time rising her courses and coming up to the wind on the starboard tack with her main-topsail aback.

Capt. Trevelyan pronounced the signals to be French, and it was easy enough to understand that they were orders for the merchantmen to stand on. Now that the stranger had hove-to we lessened the distance rapidly, and at fifteen minutes of four our courses were hauled up, the royals taken off, the British ensign given to the breeze, and a gun fired to lee-ward.

Presently we saw a ball of bunting run up to the stranger's peak, a puff of smoke rolled out from one of her bow-ports, a solid shot came ploughing up the water under our starboard quarter just as the report of her gun reached us; and as the smoke swept upward over her deck, it enveloped the folds of the ensign of France which had been shaken out from its halliards.

And then Capt. Trevelyan turned to Mr. McGregor and ordered him to clear the deck for action. The men were called to their quarters; Mr. Allyn, the sailing-master, took his station, trumpet in hand; the hatches were covered fore and aft; and every man seemed to know what was to be done, and how to do it. The preventer braces had been rigged, and the stoppers for the shrouds and stays got up some time before.

As the guns had all been freshly charged before leaving James Town, they were ready for use, and ere many minutes after the order had been given the *Bristol* was ready for the work in hand. As matters now stood, the Frenchman was braced up on the starboard tack, with his main-topsail to the mast, while we were standing down directly towards him; but as soon as we had come within fair point-blank range, our ship was braced up upon the same tack, otherwise we might soon have caught a raking broadside. This movement brought our courses very nearly parallel to each other, but not quite; for as we stood, the two ships were coming nearer and nearer together, the Frenchman having filled away his main-topsail when we braced up.

And now I could see some of those who, a few hours before, had been so anxious to overhaul the stranger, trembling where they stood; and I saw men, whose hearts were firm and true, grow pale about the lips, while their fingers worked as though this inactivity were torturing.

Do you ask me how I felt? I dare not attempt to tell. By my side stood the match-tub of our gun, the staff standing in it, and the lighted match sending its nitrous smoke up into my nostrils. That smoke may have had some influence on me; I cannot tell. You will remember that the ship over against us was heavier than our own, and that she had two valuable charges to protect. You will also remember that the officers and men of the *Bristol* had fixed their desires, not only upon the corvette, but upon those two rich prizes. If the crew of the Frenchman had the incentive of national pride to lead them to protect the merchantmen, the crew of the Englishman had not only that same incentive to lead them to capture them, but that other incentive—full as powerful with most men,—the distribution of prize-money.

So I knew it must be a hard fight; and I am free to confess that for a brief period my thoughts were with the loved ones at home. I thought of my mother: was she praying for me then?—of my sister—of Eunisale—of Eben—of Sam. Tucker; and I wondered should I ever see them again on earth. So my thoughts were still running when a startling exclamation from Mr. McGregor changed their current quickly and materially.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Emblem.—Perhaps if "the club of politicians" to which you refer, and of which you are such an energetic member, would purchase a copy of the Constitution of the United States and *read it*, they would find out "what it was really adopted for." The Constitution is explicitly declaratory on that very point, beginning: "We, the people of the United States, *in order* to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." The mischief is, that, when people get by the ears in regard to the Constitution, they never think of looking at that instrument itself to see what *it* says, but take the trouble to consult almost everything else, even the opinions of pot-house politicians. Your wrangle about "the imposition of the Presidential oath" is too absurd for serious regard. Congress had nothing to do with the matter. The Constitution itself (see Art. II., Sec. 1) provides that the President "before he enter on the execution of his office, shall take the following oath or affirmation: 'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.'" Such a political wrangler as you seem to be would be very apt to find a correct copy of the Constitution an exceedingly handy thing to have in his pocket, where it would be available for instant use whenever quotations should be called for.

Fred.—The first thing for you to do in order to become a good conversationist is to lay in a large stock of information, and the next thing is to frequent intelligent society and mingle in the conversation as much as possible. Fox, the great rival of Burke and Pitt, and who was considered the best debater of his time, used to say that he learned to speak in parliament by speaking every night for many years; and Macaulay says that all the great parliamentary debaters acquired their skill at the expense of their auditors—that is to say, that they *practiced* upon parliament whenever they got an opportunity. Had they been fools, or men devoid of talent, such a course would not have been tolerated; and so with the novice in conversation, if he cannot say something that will interest his hearers, his talk will not be listened to, and he will soon acquire the reputation of a bore, and be shunned accordingly.

H. V. J.—The "two parties" in your village should be able to furnish mathematical knowledge enough to solve such simple questions as those which you say they are contending about. The fact that one square mile and one mile square are equal in extent does not prove that two square miles and two miles square are also equal. A farm two miles square in extent would be two miles long and two miles wide, and would consequently contain an area of four square miles. You can readily make this apparent by marking on a slate a figure representing one square mile, and then seeing how many such spaces or figures it will take to make an area extending two miles in every direction, or two miles square.

Canadian.—The result of your love matters is just what anybody skilled in human nature might have expected. A girl who defies her parents' wishes, and refuses to break off an acquaintance which even her lover is willing to forego for the sake of peace, and declares over and over again that "nothing but death shall separate us," etc., is pretty certain to give her lover the go-by in the long run. A disobedient and disrespectful daughter must, in the nature of things, be defective in sound moral principle; and, therefore, cannot be implicitly depended upon. Your loss of such a girl is really a great gain.

Baltimore says: "The girl to whom I am betrothed, and who agreed to receive an engagement ring from me, now declines to accept that pledge, and says she wants to die, and treats me coldly. I suspect the *slanderer* has been at work and has poisoned her mind. I love her dearly and do not want any separation to occur between us. So please tell me how to weather the threatened storm!" If you go on quietly, the storm will soon cease of itself. Such matters usually work themselves clear, if they are not kept in a state of perturbation by the fussy anxiety and interference of the parties.

R. E. B.—You can always find opportunities to "go to sea," in New York, Boston, or any other great seaport city. As you have always worked upon a farm and know nothing about nautical affairs, you would of course have to ship as a "green hand," and therefore get low wages, and have a "rough time generally." But if you could imitate the conduct of BECKET BURTON, as Mr. Cobb sets it forth in his "SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE," now in course of publication on the eighth page of the *Ledger*, you would be certain to triumph over all difficulties, and work your way to a good position.

Kansas.—It was weak and foolish for you to "take to drink" for the purpose of drowning your sorrow when the young lady with whom you were about to marry died so suddenly. Such a "giving way to grief," as it is called, is one of the most vulgar manifestations of weakness and selfishness known to man. Any one who has a spark of true manhood in him should be ashamed of such conduct. If the spirits of the departed can take cognizance of mortal affairs, what do you suppose she whom you pretend to have loved will think of such grovelling conduct on your part?

Lilly.—If your quilt is to be three yards square, it will of course contain just nine square yards; and if the calico with which you wish to cover it is seven-eighths of a yard wide, it will take ten yards and two-sevenths of a yard of it for your purpose; so, if you buy ten yards and a half, you will have a little calico left over. The clerk who said you would want fourteen yards of the calico either misunderstood your statement, or else he is a poor arithmetician, or wanted to put off as much calico on you as he could.

R. G.—Your notion of having the government of a state or nation controlled directly by the people, through the instrumentality of a constitutional "committee of correspondence," who are to put themselves in epistolary communication with the inhabitants, thereby learn their wishes on political topics, and then have "said wishes" embodied in the legislation of the state or nation, is about as impracticable an idea as we have ever heard of. It could not be made to work with any degree of advantage.

Youth.—Unless you are engaged to the young lady to whom you refer, you have no right to attempt to control her actions in any way. At the same time, there are certain claims which are founded on general principles of decency and good-neighborship that are binding on everybody, and one of those claims is, that when a gentleman takes a lady to a place of amusement she ought to consider *his* wishes and feelings before those of any other person.

Z. C.—It has been stated that the "Paris Exposition" will close in October; it has also been stated that it *may* be kept open all winter; and occasional rumors have been circulated that the Emperor "really intends to make it a permanent thing." Therefore it is impossible for any one to say with certainty when it will close except the Emperor himself, and even he might have to consult the Empress on the question.

Homeric.—A wooer who inserts Greek couplets in his love-letters deserves to be distanced by a blacksmith rival. The honest worker at the anvil and the forge doubtless wrote *his* notes in a language that the young lady could understand. Your Greek studies should have kept you in remembrance of the fact that the Olympian blacksmith, Vulcan, married Venus in spite of the rivalry of the fiery and gallant Mars.

Quebec.—Young men and women who are past twenty-one years of age have the legal right to control their own time and actions, including the matters of courtship and marriage; but it would do no harm, and might occasion happy results, if they should consult, and so manage affairs as to gratify, their parents, in forming their matrimonial connections.

Nettie.—Read the history of the United States and the biographies of our great men; and then read the works of Prescott, Motley, Froude, Alison, Macaulay and other foreign writers. By the time you have been reading a year or so, you will begin to have pretty good notions of your own as to what you ought to read next.

Inquirer.—Young men to whom a grammar, or even a spelling-book, is accessible, should not spend their time in disputing about the "nature and power of commas and semi-colons," but should turn to one or other of those useful books and see what it says on the subject.

Health-seeker.—If you really are in search of health for yourself and children, as you intimate, we decide in favor of your husband and a farm-house; but if you are bent on a fashionable raid, under the pretence of health-seeking, and care more for the gratification of your vanity than for your children's welfare, then *your* programme is the one that should be carried out. Hundreds of city families who have heretofore spent their summers at the grand camping-grounds of fashion, have this year billeted themselves upon the farmers; and they have done wisely. There is no elbow-room for children in the fashionable hotels. The privileges that they ought to enjoy, and without which "country air" is comparatively of little benefit to them, they cannot have at those grandiose caravansaries. But on a farm they can have full swing; there is ample space for them to play, plenty of material for dirt-pies, and no "rules" prohibiting the manufacture of that kind of pastry. They can wear common dresses, and roll on the grass, and laugh till the sylvan echoes ring with their merriment without any fear of being called to account for breach of etiquette. Therefore, when the welfare of children is to be considered, the farm-house should always carry it against the fashionable hotel.

Nellie.—If it is the *custom*, in your village, for persons who are serenaded to invite the serenaders in and give them wine and cake, it is natural that any one who breaks the custom should incur the ill-will of those who are affected by such infraction. Such a custom is a most undesirable one, as it is almost certain to degenerate into a nuisance and become a vulgar method whereby hungry young men can get opportunities to feed at other people's expense, and to drink good wine at the cost of a few songs sung in the open air at inauspicious hours. Such a custom, furthermore, deprives a serenade of all its real significance, and degrades it into a mere restaurant business. The object of a genuine serenade is to compliment a lady, or to exhibit a preference for or devotion to her, in a gallant and delicate and agreeable and *unselfish* manner, and not to force off a slovenly musical performance upon unwilling victims, at the performers' own prices, to be paid in cake and wine.

W. C.—If you have set your heart on "emigrating to Missouri to live," why don't you go. The way is open, and the chances are as good in that State as in any other. Missouri is heavily wooded, abundantly watered, abounds in fertile stretches of land, and is probably the richest in minerals of any country of equal extent on the globe. Although these minerals are "locked in the bosom of the earth," the lock is a mere earthen one, and can easily be picked with a spade. There are two courses for you to pursue, one of which is to sell out and go to Missouri at once with your family, taking your chance of finding a place to suit you; and the other is, to go there first alone, on a prospecting tour, and learn the lay of the land before breaking up your present home. It seems to us that the latter course would be the least indiscreet one to pursue.

Machine.—A girl has bought a sewing machine, and she and her sister work with it together and share the profits. A third party, who seems to wish to meddle in the matter, thinks that the sister who bought the machine might "make more by doing all the work herself, and keeping all the money, than by having her sister do the finishing off and sharing in the profits." Perhaps so; but, then, "the sister who owns the machine" probably has a loving, sisterly heart, and would rather act like a Christian than put ever so many extra shillings in her purse.

J. K. T.—You are behind the age if you imagine that it has been reserved for you and your particular set to "found the *first* Woman's Medical College." That achievement was long since accomplished. The "Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania" held its *fifteenth* annual commencement some time last spring, in Philadelphia, and sent forth quite a respectable class of graduates. There are evidently more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Chicago.—Webster's orthography is the common standard in this country, though many scholars refuse to follow it. The word *whiskey* is spelt with either termination, *y* or *ey*. Webster authorizes both spellings. The word comes from, and is a corruption of, *usquebaugh*; and it is not at all unnatural for it to take a long time to settle the orthography of the derivative of such a terrible trisyllable.

New Orleans.—The gentleman who was your opponent in the discussion was substantially correct when he said that during their Congressional careers Henry Clay originated and introduced a great many measures and Daniel Webster but a few. Mr. Clay was very fond of getting up legislative panaceas for public ills; but Mr. Webster seldom took the lead in such experiments.

Insulted.—No matter how great the insult which your rival put upon you, it would not justify you in resorting to the writing of anonymous letters for the purpose of annoying and injuring him. Whatever you do, do it openly and fairly. None but the cowardly, the mean, the guilty, or the thoughtless, ever resort to the anonymous letter business as a weapon of revenge.

Americus.—A sign which should read, "William Smith's Son & Co.," would indicate that the only son of Wm. Smith was in partnership with other parties. If it were intended to express the fact that Wm. Smith *and his son* were in partnership with others, the sign should read, "Wm. Smith, Son & Co."

W. H. P., (Mobile,).—The military commander of the district in which you live is the proper person for you to apply to in regard to your right to vote under the reconstruction acts. It is useless for you to apply to anybody except those who have the control of such matters in Mobile.

R. A. C.—If you give the book to your friend before the marriage takes place, you should of course write her present name in it, if you write any at all. But if you intend to defer the presentation till after the marriage, her name, as it would be then, should be written in the book.

Son.—You might be able to get track of an asylum for your mother, by inquiring of your family physician. If she is a confirmed inebriate of many years standing, nothing but confinement where she cannot obtain intoxicating drink will avail in her case.

Minnie.—You should tell your mother how matters stand, and act according to her instructions. In fact, a girl should always tell her mother, day by day, what her life and experience are as to social matters, and especially as to those in which young men get mingled.

W. B. D.—The manufacture of printing ink is an art; and if you would master it you must go to work at it as you would at any other art. Practical knowledge and manual skill do not come by reading or talking, but by reflection and downright work.

Mejia.—If you choose to go to Mexico to help "avenge the death of Maximilian," and get caught by the Mexicans, they will make short work of you; and the chances are that your friends will never know the exact particulars of your fate.

Hamlet.—We have no knowledge of the particular "gift concert" to which you refer. The chances are that "the delay in hearing from the managers," which has occasioned you so much anxiety, will be prolonged indefinitely.

Alice.—In this State a girl does not "become of age" until she is twenty-one. As you do not say where you live, we cannot tell you how it is in your State; but you can ascertain by asking any lawyer in your vicinity.

Banker.—You can buy the National Bank law of any of the law-booksellers in the city, and study it at your leisure.

B. L. S.—When a person is "subjected to frequent attacks of bilious headache" he should consult some good physician.

July.—No engagement made by a minor is binding not even a marriage engagement.

A. S. C.—Drawing, if one is skilful at it, is quite a profitable vocation.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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